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No. 5.

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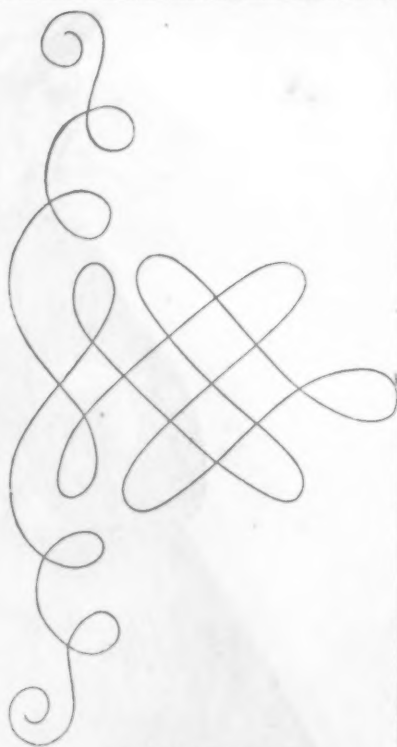
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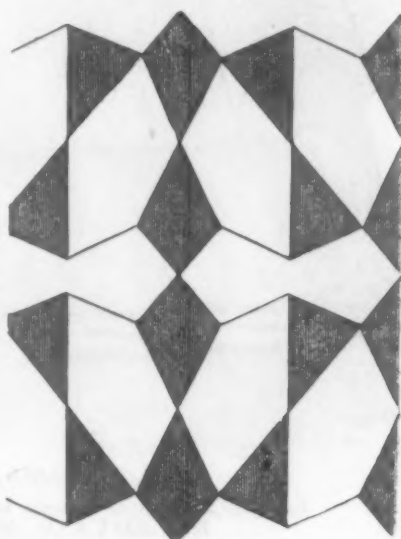
THE NEW SEWING MACHINE.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



PATCHWORK.



CLOTH SACK.

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VELVET APPLIQUÉ, CIRCULAR.

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DRESS FOR CHILD.



INFANT'S CLOAK.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



(FRONT VIEW.)



(BACK VIEW.)

HEAD DRESS.

*Dear Madam
I have
marked 4 June
1871*



FALL CLOAK,

Of fine cloth or velvet, elaborately embroidered.

(LONDON: 1854)

(NEW YORK: 1854)

(PHILADELPHIA: 1854)

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ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1863.

The Soldier's Wife.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"Oh dear, dear! I never can consent to it—why do you urge?" and the speaker's slight form shook with the sobs that could no longer be suppressed.

"But think how much I am needed! Strong of muscle and light of limb, with heart eager to help my country. For your sake and the children's I have battled with the desire so long; but my dreams almost craze me, taunting me with supineness when fathers and husbands on all sides are fighting for the right. You know my waking hours are one heart-struggle. Just see how thin I am growing, and my hair is even turning gray."

"You say you love me and the children, and yet you fret so to leave us. I have no father or mother, Ernest—only you to look to; don't ask me to consent."

"I must go, Fannie; and yet God alone knows how I love you and the darlings." And the strong man paused in his excited walk, and dropped on his knee by the crib, where two little curly heads were nestling, and rested his cheek on their chubby arms, and sobbed aloud.

"Don't, Ernest, don't! I never will doubt you again; and yet it has sometimes almost maddened me, the thought that you loved your country better than your wife and family."

"How can I love you and not your country? The land that has given you what you have, and made you what you are. Intelligent, no cringing servility, erect form, and open countenance—all gifts of the happy home that holds no spies to fetter freedom, or titled lords to

exact servitude. I must fight for it, Fannie. Something impels me that I can no longer resist. Cannot you be heroic, and say—'Go,' and take the clogging weight from my arm? You shall have all the meed, for you will bear the suffering—the long, wakeful vigils, and the anxious days, full of suspense. It will be a weary journey; but the intense joy of meeting at the close; try to think of that!"

"If you should die on the battle-field, or in the hospital?"

"I think I have heard my Fannie talk of eternity—of bliss in Heaven! We will try to meet there. It will be but a few years, at most."

There was at this time a louder call than ever for volunteers. Our thinned forces were wavering on the Potomac, and the Western frontier was full of strife. Men, more men, was the urgent call from all sides, and Ernest Lester did what he could—answered with his name. There was no time for a lingering death of parting. The company came into town one night; he volunteered, and left next morning. Fannie—at last, heroic Fannie, choked back the tears from sight, clasped his neck in one long, loving embrace, gave him a smile to remember her by as she said, "good-bye," watched the road with a brave countenance as long as the last folds of the glorious flag fluttered in sight, and then nature could sustain no more, and she sunk upon the floor, helpless as a corpse.

Days and weeks passed on; the sun smiled, and the flowers nodded, and the birds sung as of old. Baby lisped—"Papa, papa come," and Freddie improvised soldiers' adornments out of old plumes and scarlet bands, and marched up and down the room with imitative

marital step, and talked about going to Dixie when he was big, and all was one heartache to the poor wife, until she almost envied those that had never loved. In her dreams she could hear the shock of battle, see the wounded and dying, and the horses, frantic with fright, rushing here and there; and in the thickest of the fight, her husband throwing up his arms, and falling, with a sabre cut on his cheek—the fair cheek she had pressed her lips to a thousand times. The days were not so bad, for she could work; and she blessed God for labor that partially occupied her mind to the exclusion of thought. She canned, and preserved, and dried fruit for the soldiers. She cut out hospital shirts and made them, and knitted socks, and devised elaborate embroidery for baby's dresses, to fill up each niche of time. Letters were her sunshine, though her eyes were for hours after receiving them swollen with tears—sometimes with sympathetic joy, and sometimes sorrow. Joy, when he wrote that their camp was fine and dry, with a good spring at their command, and plenty of rations, and a strong, compact force around, able to repel any attacks of the enemy; and sad, when the pages were filled with accounts of wearisome marches, and companions dropping out of the ranks from fatigue, and loving messmates sending home dying messages to wives just as dear as she was to Ernest.

The months had rolled away into more than a year since Ernest Lester enlisted, and he had escaped so far without a wound, and his letters were hopeful and cheery, and spoke so often of their reunion, till at last her mind became embued with the same hope, and her smile lost its touching sadness, and her pulse would throb with joy at times as she pictured his glad return and the sweet happiness of their after lives.

The trees were leafless, and the snow lay heavy upon the ground, when the great heart of the North pulsed as one man, so trembling yet eager for the news expected each hour over the telegraph wires of the great struggle at Murfreesboro. Mothers went about with hushed steps, talking of their soldier-sons, and sisters caught their breaths as the unopened daily paper trembled in their grasp, and maidens thought of their lovers with such an aching heart, that it corrugated their brows like the fiercest pain, and wives sunk down with white lips, and prayed—"Father, spare his life," and tried to add—"Not my will, but Thine be done!"

It was the third day; Fannie had just received a letter—a little delayed on the road, so bright and cheering, speaking of the impending struggle, now momentarily expected, with hopefulness—giving minute details of improvements about their little home the coming Spring—anticipating, as usual, their reunion at the close of the war, and perhaps even a furlough the ensuing summer. It was very quieting, and Mrs. Lester caught up the baby, and gave her a dozen happy kisses for her papa, smoothed her soft curls around her finger, and hushed her to sleep with a low nursery song, then called Freddy to her, telling him to watch his sister, while she went for the evening's mail.

The night's paper gave but a meagre account. The hard struggle was over, and we were victorious. The enemy were routed and fleeing. The dying were being buried, and the wounded taken care of as fast as possible. A little further down was a list of the companies engaged, and Fannie's heart gave a bound, then almost stood still, as she saw the name of the regiment her husband belonged to among the number. It was a sleepless night for the anxious wife, and all of her old tantalizing dreams assumed form again, and shape in her lonely watchings, till she closed her eyes to shut out the horror, and tried to deafen her ears, as if her imaginings were something tangible that she could shut out from hearing. The next day she took up the paper and laid it down three times ere she had courage to examine the list of wounded and dead, till at last, with a prayer for help, she passed her finger along the lines. His name was not there. Harvey Sinclair, Ernest's dearest comrade, was dead, killed by a cannon ball. Poor, poor Lucia! how could she bear up under it? and Fannie's tears fell fast upon the paper as she thought of the stricken one, a wife of only sixteen short months. Lower down was the name of Leonard Smith, the only dependence of his widowed mother. Stalwart of form and generous of heart, sending all his wages home but the merest pittance, to make her old age comfortable. Oh dear, dear! she was so sorry and yet so glad under all, for was not her husband safe?

"A letter for you, Mrs. Lester," said the smiling postmaster, as he reached out the next day the precious missive for her hand—"the first mail from Murfreesboro since the battle came through this afternoon. I hope you will find your husband all right."

Fannie merely smiled a reply, and passed

out, so eager was she to reach the seclusion of her room to open the letter; and happy in the possession of it, she drew up her low sewing-chair to the grate, and tore open the envelope. It commenced, "Dear wife," and was written with a pencil on the battle-field, in the intervals of time between the skirmishing. Three pages were covered, and then it abruptly ended, with no signature. She turned to the fourth side, and here a sentence in strange handwriting glared before her as if printed in letters of blood—

"This man is dead, shot down in the thickest of the fight, making a charge. I write upon and forward this letter, found in his pocket."
"S. MAXWELL."

That was all! The poor wife folded the letter mechanically, replaced it in the envelope, and took up her fretting baby, and soothed it to sleep. Not a sigh, not a tear, only stony grief. Sympathizing neighbors, who had learned the sorrow from their own letters, poured in. She did not moan or wring her hands. Pale, with lustreless eyes, she gazed as if in a dream, till strong, rough men, wiped away their tears upon their sleeves, and tender-hearted women sobbed aloud.

"Let me see her—poor, poor Fannie!" and the group opened and stepped aside as Lucia Sinclair burst into the room, and threw her arms around the neck of the stricken wife, and knelt by her side. "He was my all, Fannie—dear, good Harvey, and I thought I should die; but God comforted me. He opened before my eyes a glimpse of Heaven, and He has given me patience to wait and meet him there. Let us pray to our Father, dear one!" And the girlish lips poured out a prayer like inspiration. Before its close Fannie's head sunk upon her comforter's neck, and her tears gushed forth like rain. With instinctive delicacy the friends passed out, and left the two mourners together with their sorrow and their God.

Four months have passed since then. Fannie Lester, with chastened look and a sweet, sad smile, passes in and out among her neighbors, and does her household tasks willingly, like a traveller, who neglects nothing by the way, yet always has his eyes fixed upon the goal in the distance. His children are priceless jewels, that must be polished and circled in precious setting for the home her Father is preparing for them; and when her heart wea-

ries and her hand faints by the way, she has but to turn to Him who is a refuge and strength—a very present help in time of trouble.

BEREA, OHIO.

The Virtue of Endurance.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

ENDURANCE occupies no small niche among the Christian virtues. It is a grace of rare intrinsic merit, and is, at once the charm and crown of any character that possesses it. The power to stand up heroically for the truth, when assailed by the many and the mighty—aye, even to *suffer* with enduring patience for the right, argues the presence and moral energy of a principle in the Christian character and life, the noblest of all the virtues! To do for truth and right, to *battle* for their spiritual ascendancy in the world, is indeed a sublime work; but not unfrequently patiently and resignedly to *ENDURE* or *SUFFER* for devotion to them, requires greater nerve, and calls for a nobler type of moral heroism. Action demands personal labor and toil; but endurance demands more—even personal suffering and pain!

To *endure*, for the sake of truth and a good conscience, the test of the burning, fiery furnace, the lions' den, the prison and martyrdom, was in the case of the Hebrew worthies, Daniel and Paul, to do more than was ever required of them before in their *active* devotion to the cause of *JEHOVAH*; with them to *suffer* the will of Heaven was, doubtless, less easy than to *do* it. The Apostle had reached the perfection of all human virtue and excellence, as had also his noble companion in the Gospel, when he exclaimed, "*we suffer all things, lest we should hinder the Gospel of Christ.*" Even the blessed Saviour, "who, for the joy that was set before Him, *endured* the cross and despised the shame;" even the humanity of Him, whose life embodied every virtue in fullest perfection, forced the utterance from those divine lips, "Oh, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"The sea in its wrath," says an elegant writer, "is mighty; but so is the rocky shore that confronts and heaves it back. Terrible is the electric force which thunders through space and blasts all opposition; but stronger still is that affectionate magnetism—that un-

seen heart of nature—whose pulses mix with all things, and that draws all things into beautiful obedience to its law. It is an overwhelming energy with which a comet sweeps along its track; but it is not so great as that which holds the planets to their centre, and binds them in glittering harmony forever! A majestic repose, a silent strength, is the highest mood of nature." There are hours in the history of mortals—hours that bring with them the stern trial of misfortune, sickness, or bereavement—when to do is impossible; and these are the hours which the true heart by its sublime endurance hallows and conquers. It is the trials and afflictions of life that reveal the highest forces and noblest virtues of the Christian character—forces and virtues that had never otherwise been revealed. There is something touchingly grand in the virtue, which, while it is utterly impotent to prevent the misfortunes and adversities of life, has, nevertheless the power to confront and master them. The repulsive energy of virtue—its power to throw from the spirit what may for the present rule the fate of the external man—is indeed sublime. There resides a force, a silent, hidden strength, in the every truth-sustained heart, that cannot but subdue all opposition in the end. In the darkest hour it is the philosophy of every spirit that has this strength, this energy in repose, to say with MILTON—

"Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward."

Nor is the Christian endurance of which we speak an *occasional* virtue, reserved in its development and exercise for the great and marked occasions of life—those larger events which, at remote intervals, enter into our experience and form important parts of our history; but it is a practical *every-day* grace. The world not only demands our active efforts and warmest zeal in the cause of truth, but proposes to try the strength of our virtues and the quality of our graces. The pure gold can stand the test of the crucible; and the trial of fire but enhances its lustre and beauty; so with virtue, it can stand the severest analysis, and derive strength and purity from it. Every day puts our graces to the test; its trials and temptations are designed for our discipline and improvement in the moral virtues. The storm that wrestles with the oak but strengthens it and adds to its power of resistance.

Great men are made by the difficulties of

life. All the professions are adorned by men whom the world had never known but for the friction of trial and opposition. Difficulties, by testing the latent powers, have discovered their intellectual wealth, and given their possessors their true niche in the world of mind and letters. Specially true is this in the moral realm. The noblest Christian characters have been produced by passing through the moral crucible. The sturdiest virtues are those which have been the most siftingly tried. That loveliest of all physical objects, the rainbow, never arches the heavens but when the rain, cloud, and sunshine are commingling; and the rose, queen of flowers, never yields a richer fragrance than when it is severely pressed. So with the good man. Opposition and difficulty but beautify and expand his moral virtues, and throw over his whole life a higher and diviner interest.

Schools for Contrabands.

[Facts dissipate a great many strongly asserted theories. One of the deeply interesting questions of the day is the capacity of the black race for education. Some consider this capacity to be of the feeblest kind, while others think more hopefully of the race, and assume that opportunity and the means of education are all that are required. Facts are coming to our aid in this matter, and begin to loom up strongly. When the "Contraband" Schools at Port Royal were first established, a great many people were loud in condemning the movement as premature, or useless, or as the mere effervescence of an unsubstantial philanthropy. But time has demonstrated their use.

An article in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, by E. L. Pierce, on "The Freedmen at Port Royal," contains some facts about these schools that will be read with deep interest. We copy so much of it as describes their condition last spring.]

There are more than thirty schools in the territory, conducted by as many as forty or forty-five teachers, who are commissioned by the three associations in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and by the American Missionary Association. They have an average attendance of two thousand pupils, and are more or less frequented by an additional thousand. The ages of the scholars range in the main from eight to twelve years. They did not know even their letters prior to a year ago last March, except those who were being

taught in the single school at Beaufort already referred to, which had been going on for a few weeks. Very many did not have the opportunity for instruction till weeks and even months after. During the spring and summer of 1862 there were not more than a dozen schools, and these were much interrupted by the heat, and by the necessity of assigning at times some of the teachers to act as superintendents. Teachers came for a brief time, and upon its expiration, or for other cause, returned home, leaving the schools to be broken up. It was not till October or November that the educational arrangements were put into much shape; and they are still but imperfectly organized. In some localities there is as yet no teacher, and this because the associations have not had the funds wherewith to provide one.

I visited ten of the schools, and conversed with the teachers of others. There were, it may be noted, some mixed bloods in the schools of the town of Beaufort,—ten in a school of ninety, thirteen in another of sixty-four, and twenty in another of seventy. In the schools on the plantations there were never more than half a dozen in one school, in some cases but two or three, and in others none.

The advanced classes were reading simple stories and didactic passages in the ordinary school-books, as Hillard's Second Primary Reader, Willson's Second Reader, and others of similar grade. Those who had enjoyed a briefer period of instruction were reading short sentences or learning the alphabet. In several of the schools a class was engaged on an elementary lesson in arithmetic, geography, or writing. The eagerness for knowledge and the facility of acquisition displayed in the beginning had not abated.

On the 25th of March I visited a school at the Central Baptist Church on St. Helena Island, built in 1855, shaded by lofty live-oak trees, with the long, pendulous moss everywhere hanging from their wide-spreading branches, and surrounded by the gravestones of their former proprietors, which bear the ever-recurring names of Fripp and Chaplin. This school was opened in September last, but many of the pupils had received some instruction before. One hundred and thirty-one children were present on my first visit, and one hundred and forty-five on my second, which was a few days later. Like most of the schools on the plantations, it opened at noon and closed at three o'clock, leaving the forenoon for the children to work in the field or

perform other service in which they could be useful. One class, of twelve pupils, read page 70 in Willson's Reader, on "Going Away." They had not read the passage before, and they went through it with little spelling or hesitation. They had recited the first thirty pages of Towle's Speller, and the multiplication table as high as fives, and were commencing the sixes. A few of the scholars, the youngest, or those who had come latest to the school, were learning the alphabet. At the close of the school, they recited in concert the Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd," requiring prompting at the beginning of some of the verses. They sang with much spirit hymns which had been taught them by the teachers, as—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty;"

also—

"Sound the loud timbrel;"

also, Whittier's new song, written expressly for this school, the closing stanzas of which are—

"The very oaks are greener clad,
The waters brighter smile;
Oh, never shone a day so glad
On sweet St. Helen's Isle!

"For none in all the world before
Were ever glad as we,—
We're free on Carolina's shore,
We're all at home and free!"

Never has that pure Muse, which has sung only of truth and right, as the highest beauty and noblest art, been consecrated to a better service than to write the songs of praise for these little children, chattels no longer, whom the Saviour, were he now to walk on earth, would bless as his own.

The prevalent song, however, heard in every school, in church, and by the way-side, is that of "John Brown," which very much amuses our white soldiers, particularly when the singers roll out,—

"We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree!"

Other songs of the negroes are common, as, "The Wrestling Jacob," "Down in the lonesome valley," "Roll, Jordan, roll," "Heab'n shall-a be my home." Russell's "Diary" gives an account of these songs, as he heard them in his evening row over Broad River, on his way to Trescot's estate.

One of the teachers of this school is an accomplished woman from Philadelphia. Another is from Newport, Rhode Island, where she had prepared herself for this work by benevolent labors in teaching poor children. The third is a young woman of African descent, of olive complexion, finely cultured, and attuned to all

beautiful sympathies, of gentle address, and, what was specially noticeable, not possessed with an overwrought consciousness of her race. She had read the best books, and naturally and gracefully enriched her conversation with them. She had enjoyed the friendship of Whittier; had been a pupil in the Grammar-School of Salem, then in the State Normal School in that city, then a teacher in one of the schools for white children, where she had received only the kindest treatment both from the pupils and their parents,—and let this be spoken to the honor of that ancient town. She had refused a residence in Europe, where a better social life and less unpleasant discrimination awaited her, for she would not disavow herself from the fortunes of her people; and now, not with a superficial sentiment, but with a profound purpose, she devotes herself to their elevation.

At Coffin Point, on St. Helena Island, I visited a school, kept by a young woman from the town of Milton, Massachusetts, "the child of parents passed into the skies," whose lives have both been written for the edification of the Christian world. She teaches two schools, at different hours in the afternoon, and with different scholars in each. One class had read through Hillard's Second Primary Reader, and were on a review, reading Lessons 19, 20, and 21, while I was present. Being questioned as to the subjects of the lessons, they answered intelligently. They recited the twos of the multiplication table, explained numeral letters and figures on the black-board, and wrote letters and figures on slates. Another teacher in the adjoining district, a graduate of Harvard, and the son of a well-known Unitarian clergyman of Providence, Rhode Island, has two schools, in one of which a class of three pupils was about finishing Ellsworth's First Progressive Reader; and another, of seven pupils, had just finished Hillard's Second Primary Reader. Another teacher, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the same island, numbers one hundred pupils in his two schools. He exercises a class in elocution, requiring the same sentence to be repeated with different tones and inflections, and one could not but remark the excellent imitations.

In a school at St. Helena village, where were collected the Edisto refugees, ninety-two pupils were present as I went in. Two ladies were engaged in teaching, assisted by Ned Loyd White, a colored man, who had picked up clandestinely a knowledge of reading while still a slave. One class of boys and another

of girls read in the seventh chapter of St. John, having begun this Gospel and gone thus far. They stumbled a little on words like "unrighteousness" and "circumcision;" otherwise they got along very well. When the Edisto refugees were brought here, in July, 1862, Ned, who is about forty or forty-five years old, and Uncle Cyrus, a man of seventy, who also could read, gathered one hundred and fifty children into two schools, and taught them as best they could for five months until teachers were provided by the societies. Ned has since received a donation from one of the societies, and is now regularly employed on a salary. A woman comes to one of the teachers of this school for instruction in the evening, after she has put her children to bed. She had become interested in learning by hearing her younger sister read when she came home from school; and when she asked to be taught, she had learned from this sister the alphabet and some words of one syllable. Only a small proportion of the adults are, however, learning.

On the 8th of April, I visited a school on Ladies' Island, kept in a small church on the Eustis estate, and taught by a young woman from Kingston, Massachusetts. She had manifested much persistence in going to this field, went with the first delegation, and still keeps the school which she opened in March, 1862. She taught the pupils their letters. Sixty-six were present on the day of my visit. A class of ten pupils read the story which commences on page 86 of Hillard's Second Primary Reader. One girl, Elsie, a full black, and rather ungainly withal, read so rapidly that she had to be checked,—the only case of such fast reading that I found. She assisted the teacher by taking the beginners to a corner of the room and exercising them upon an alphabet card, requiring them to give the names of letters taken out of their regular order, and with the letters making words, which they were expected to repeat after her. One class recited in Eaton's First Lessons in Arithmetic; and two or three scholars with a rod pointed out the states, lakes, and large rivers on the map of the United States, and also the different continents on the map of the world, as they were called. I saw the teacher of this school at her residence, late in the afternoon, giving familiar instruction to some ten boys and girls, all but two being under twelve years, who read the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Revelation, and the story of Lazarus in the eleventh chapter of St. John. Elsie was one of these. Seeing me taking notes, she

looked archly at the teacher, and whispered,—
 “He’s putting me in the book;” and as Elsie guessed, so I do. The teacher was instructing her pupils in some dates and facts which have had much to do with our history. The questions and answers, in which all the pupils joined, were these:—

“Where were slaves first brought to this country?”

“Virginia.”

“When?”

“1620.”

“Who brought them?”

“Dutchmen.”

“Who came the same year to Plymouth, Massachusetts?”

“Pilgrims.”

“Did they bring slaves?”

“No.”

A teacher in Beaufort put these questions, to which answers were given in a loud tone by the whole school:—

“What country do you live in?”

“United States.”

“What State?”

“South Carolina.”

“What Island?”

“Port Royal.”

“What town?”

“Beaufort.”

“Who is your Governor?”

“General Saxton.”

“Who is your President?”

“Abraham Lincoln.”

“What has he done for you?”

“He’s freed us.”

There were four schools in the town of Beaufort, all of which I visited, each having an average attendance of from sixty to ninety pupils, and each provided with two teachers. In some of them writing was taught. But it is unnecessary to describe them, as they were very much like the others. There is, besides, at Beaufort an industrial school, which meets two afternoons in a week, and is conducted by a lady from New York, with some dozen ladies to assist her. There were present, the afternoon I visited it, one hundred and thirteen girls from six to twenty years of age, all plying the needle, some with pieces of patchwork, and others with aprons, pillow-cases, or handkerchiefs.

Though I have never been on the school-committee, I accepted invitations to address the schools on these visits, and particularly plied the pupils with questions, so as to catch the tone of their minds; and I have rarely

heard children answer with more readiness and spirit. We had a dialogue substantially as follows:—

“Children, what are you going to do when you grow up?”

“Going to work, sir.”

“On what?”

“Cotton and corn, sir.”

“What are you going to do with the corn?”

“Eat it.”

“What are you going to do with the cotton?”

“Sell it.”

“What are you going to do with the money you get for it?”

One boy answered in advance of the rest,—

“Put it in my pocket, sir.”

“That won’t do. What’s better than that?”

“Buy clothes, sir.”

“What else will you buy?”

“Shoes, sir.”

“What else are you going to do with your money?”

There was some hesitation at this point. Then the question was put,—

“What are you going to do Sundays?”

“Going to meeting.”

What are you going to do there?”

“Going to sing.”

“What else?”

“Hear the parson.”

“Who’s going to pay him?”

One boy said,—“Government pays him;” but the rest answered,—

“We’s pays him.”

“Well, when you grow up, you’ll probably get married, as other people do, and you’ll have your little children; now, what will you do with them?”

There was a titter at this question; but the general response came,—

“Send ‘em to school, sir.”

“Well, who’ll pay the teacher?”

“We’s pays him.”

One who listens to such answers can hardly think that there is any natural incapacity in these children to acquire with maturity of years the ideas and habits of good citizens.

The children are cheerful, and, in most of the schools, well-behaved, except that it is not easy to keep them from whispering and talking. They are joyous, and you can see the boys after school playing the soldier, with corn-stalks for guns. The memory is very susceptible in them,—too much so, perhaps, as it is ahead of the reasoning faculty.

The labor of the season has interrupted at-

tendance on the schools, the parents being desirous of having the children aid them in planting and cultivating their crops, and it not being thought best to allow the teaching to interfere in any way with industrious habits.

A few freedmen, who had picked up an imperfect knowledge of reading, have assisted our teachers, though a want of proper training materially detracts from their usefulness in this respect. Ned and Uncle Cyrus have already been mentioned. The latter, a man of earnest piety, has died since my visit. Anthony kept four schools on Hilton Head Island last summer and autumn, being paid at first by the superintendents, and afterwards by the negroes themselves; but in November he enlisted in the negro regiment. Hettie was another of these. She assisted Barnard at Edisto last spring, continued to teach after the Edisto people were brought to St. Helena village, and one day brought some of her pupils to the school at the Baptist Church, saying to the teachers there that she could carry them no farther. They could read their letters and words of one syllable. Hettie had belonged to a planter on Wadmelaw Island, a kind old gentleman, a native of Rhode Island, and about the only citizen of Charleston who, when Samuel Hoar went on his mission to South Carolina, stood up boldly for his official and personal protection. Hettie had been taught to read by his daughter; and let this be remembered to the honor of the young woman.

Such are the general features of the schools as they met my eye. The most advanced classes, and these are but little ahead of the rest, can read simple stories and the plainer passages of Scripture; and they could even pursue self-instruction, if the schools were to be suspended. The knowledge they have thus gained can never be extirpated. They could read with much profit a newspaper specially prepared for them and adapted to their condition. They are learning that the world is not bounded north by Charleston, south by Savannah, west by Columbia, and east by the sea, with dim visions of New York on this planet or some other,—about their conception of geography when we found them. They are acquiring the knowledge of figures with which to do the business of life. They are singing the songs of freemen. Visit their schools; remember that a little more than a twelve-month ago they knew not a letter, and that for generations it has been a crime to teach their race; then contemplate what is now transpir-

ing, and you have a scene which prophets and sages would have delighted to witness. It will be difficult to find equal progress in an equal period since the morning rays of Christian truth first lighted the hill-sides of Judea. I have never looked on St. Peter's, or beheld the glories of art which Michel Angelo has wrought or traced; but to my mind the spectacle of these poor souls struggling in darkness and bewilderment to catch the gleams of the upper and better light transcends in moral grandeur anything that has ever come from mortal hands.

How to Pay the Rent.

BY J. E. M'C.

"I don't see how I am to get through this year, and pay my rent, and support my wife and children," said a young man to a friend as they were walking home together at night-fall. "It looks darker and darker every day. My receipts are not half what they used to be, and my expenses are a great deal higher. Mary is a capital manager though, and if anybody can steer the ship safe through in-doors, she will. Such contriving and cutting over of old things to make new ones for Frank and little Fan, beats everything I ever saw. But the rent is what plagues me. This house just suits us, and I wouldn't move, I believe, unless I was turned out;" and the young man tossed a cigar out into the street, heaving a sigh and quickening his pace, as troubled people are wont to do.

"There goes a part of your rent," said his friend, pointing to the cigar just thrown away.

"A pretty small part, you would say, I guess, if you had fifty dollars to make up every quarter, when you could not see where five of it were to come from."

"I can put you in the way of paying one quarter with perfect ease."

"Be so kind as to do it, then—the quicker the better."

"Just step in here and let me draw up a pledge for you, in which you promise to leave off cigars, and then when you are tempted to buy one, slip the paper out of your vest pocket and read it over. That would save you in the course of the year over fifty dollars."

"But then a cigar is such a comfort to a fellow when he is perplexed and worried to death with his affairs. I feel wretchedly without one after dinner."

Kings and Queens of England.

JANE SEYMOUR, THIRD QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

"How will you manage when you are fifty, if you are such a slave to a bad habit at thirty? Be assured, Tom, it will bring with it seven others more mighty than the first, and you will be bound hand and foot. Come, Tom, shake yourself, and throw off this tyrant. Are you going to let your wife bear all the sacrifice and self-denial, while you selfishly stick to all your old luxuries. You are more of a man than that, I know. I'll draw up the pledge for you and bring it over to-night—what do you say?"

"I'll think about it, and perhaps I will try for a week," said Tom, who was beginning to be half convinced.

"That never will answer. You must commit yourself to the fight, if you are going to break up a bad habit of several years' standing. You must go into it body and soul, determined to win, or you will be weaker than ever. Come, it is fully worth the effort; a chance to make fifty dollars should not be thrown away these times."

Some panoramic pictures passed slowly before Tom's mind. He saw his wife and children in a narrow, uncomfortable home, brought there because he could not give up his selfish indulgences; he thought of the pleasant, elegant home from which he had brought his Mary when she first placed her hand in his and promised to walk through life by his side. He saw her slowly wearing herself out to provide for the little ones, while he put no shoulder to the wheel, and the vision roused his really generous nature, which too much ease had covered up with rubbish.

"I'll do it, Wilson," he said, with energy. "I will cut off that and all the other superfluities, and see if I cannot help Mary in the retrenching business."

His friend warmly seconded the resolution, for he knew Tom well enough to understand that this chief thing he needed was to be fully aroused.

The good resolutions were well carried out, and the end of the year found the household still in the pleasant old home, out of debt, and never more happy and comfortable in their lives.

Cut off the superfluities this year, and see if they do not go a long way towards paying the rent. You will be all the happier for it. That is one of the surest first fruits of self-denial.

Be not a slave of authority; if you think anything of yourself, think for yourself.

Jane was a daughter of Sir John Seymour, and was descended from the blood-royal of England by her mother, Margaret Wentworth. She had been one of Anne Boleyn's maids of honor. She is represented as handsome, having beautiful eyes and a fair complexion, yet being humble, cautious, silent, and submissive to the will of others. She married Henry, May 20, 1536, the next day after the queen Anne Boleyn was beheaded. She manifested no interest in the Reformation, but went through the forms of the Catholic faith very quietly, without expressing any opinion of her own.

Anne had been much interested in the reforms that had commenced, and it was owing to her influence, assisted by Cranmer, that Henry ordered all pastors to teach the people the Lord's prayer, the creed, and the ten commandments in English, and to instruct them that images, relics and beads were unnecessary things for salvation. And the introduction of an English translation of the Scriptures was effected by Anne while she was the all-powerful favorite of Henry.

Cranmer was very anxious that the public service of the church should be in English instead of Latin, but he knew the king would violently oppose such a change; but when a new prayer was composed for the king, he suggested that if it were in English the people might pray with more fervor from understanding what they uttered; and soon after, the service of the church was read in English.

Jane left one son, Edward, who was twelve days old at the time of her death, which took place October 24, 1537. She was thirty-seven years of age, and was queen seventeen months. Henry lamented her death very much.

ANNE OF CLEVES, FOURTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

Anne was the daughter of John III., Duke of Cleves, and Marie, the heiress of William, Duke of Berg. She was born September 22, 1516, and was brought up a Lutheran, her father having established those doctrines in his dominions. Henry professed great devotion to the memory of Jane Seymour, and wore mourning three months, she being the only wife for whom he ever put on mourning; yet she had not been dead one month before he was attempting to provide himself with another wife. He requested Francis I. to

permit him to choose a lady of the royal blood of France for his queen, in which he did not succeed. Then he insisted on marrying Marie of Lorraine, who was the betrothed bride of his nephew, James V. of Scotland. He employed himself for some time in attempting to arrange marriages for his three children and for himself, but many princesses declined the honor of his hand, and he remained queenless for two years.

Thomas Cromwell, a servant of Wolsey, had risen by his natural talents to be the confidential friend of his master, after whose death he entered the service of Henry, and rose rapidly in favor, and after filling the chief offices in the realm was made premier. Cromwell was a friend to the Reformation, and wished Henry to marry a Protestant princess; so when the king requested him to assist in finding a suitable lady, he procured a portrait of Anne, and showed it to the king, who was pleased with her appearance, and concluded to marry her. When she arrived, he complained that she was not like the portrait. She could speak nothing but Dutch, and as Henry did not understand the language, he called her dull and stupid, and married her with reluctance.

Anne certainly had the most reasonable cause for dissatisfaction; if she was not quite so handsome as represented in the portrait, she was very well-looking, and had a very queenly manner, and was much admired by all that knew her. She was but twenty-four years old, while Henry was more than twice her age. Henry when young had been considered the handsomest man in England, but now was unwieldy and diseased in person, and his countenance was stamped by the sensual and cruel passions that deformed his mind.

Before this time Cromwell had been in great favor with Henry; it was to him that the king entrusted the suppression of the monasteries and other religious houses. Three thousand two hundred and seventeen of these houses were surrendered, and the revenues, which, according to Camden, amounted to sixteen hundred thousand pounds a year, were appropriated by the king. A probably exaggerated report of the scandalous lives of some of the monks was published, which, with an exposure of the frauds with respect to relics and images, cured the people of their veneration for monastic institutions. But now Henry did not regard Cromwell's services as of any account, and because he had advised the king to marry Anne, he was beheaded. The tyranny of the king and the slavery of the nation appear

astonishing. Soon after Cromwell's death, three Catholics and three Protestants were condemned for heresy, and burnt at the same time and place. Henry and Anne were married January 6, 1540, and were divorced the thirteenth of the next July. Anne lived in much fear of the king, and was greatly relieved when she understood he had divorced her, and resigned her joyless honors with an alacrity for which he was not prepared. He gave her an ample income and a nice palace, and she lived happily and contentedly the rest of her life. She lived many years after Henry's death, and was beloved and respected by his children. She was a kind and good lady, being wholly occupied in doing all she could to make others happy, even those of low degree. She died in the reign of Queen Mary, July 7, 1557, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near the high altar, a place of great honor. She died at the age of forty-one.

CATHARINE HOWARD, FIFTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

Catharine was the daughter of Sir Edmund Howard, who distinguished himself at the battle of Flodden Field, with his father, Lord Surrey, who commanded the victorious army. He was descended from Edward I. and the kings of France. Catharine and Anne Boleyn were cousins. Henry and Catharine were married July 13, 1540. She was seventeen years old, and very sprightly, graceful and beautiful. She was small and slender, with a delightful countenance. Her picture, in the royal library at Windsor, represents her as a fair, blooming girl, with large, laughing blue eyes and light-brown hair, which is folded in Madonna bands on a brow of child-like simplicity. The countenance reminds one of a little romp rather than a queen. She had been a maid of honor to Anne of Cleves. Her mother died when she was young, and her father permitted his step-mother to have the entire charge of her, who neglected her manners and education, and at twelve years of age she committed some indiscretions which afterwards caused her death. Henry's affection for her was greater than for any of his former queens. He became every day more fond of the beautiful young girl. He took great delight in showing her in public, and omitted nothing that would give her pleasure. Catharine made it her study to amuse and cheer him. Cranmer feared the increase of her influence; he believed he should soon follow Cromwell to the scaffold unless some means were found to remove her from the king. He presented

charges against her, and though there was no proof of crime, she was condemned to be beheaded by her enemies, without a trial. As Anne Boleyn's brother and other friends were put to death with her, so no less than eight of Catharine's near relatives were now destroyed by her persecutors. She died with meekness and courage, humility and pious resignation. She was queen nineteen months. She was buried in St. Peter's chapel of the Tower, very near the grave of her cousin, Anne Boleyn.

CATHARINE PARR, SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

Catharine was the daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, who descended from John of Gaunt. She was fourth cousin to Henry VIII., whom she married July 12, 1543. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, performed the ceremony, as he had done for four other queens, two of which he had sentenced to death, and two queens he had divorced. At twelve Catharine was engaged to a relative, Lord Scroop, but did not marry him. At fourteen she married Lord Edward Borough, who died soon after. Before she was twenty, she married John Neville, Lord Latimer, who died six months before her marriage with the king. These three husbands were all relatives of Catharine's—all widowers, and all had children of her own age. She was beautiful, pious, learned, and had great wealth. She died September 7, 1548.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Watching and Waiting.

LETTER III.

October 15, 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:—

What a spirit of melancholy broods in the very sunshine of these tender, dreamy, autumn days! I cannot escape the sad infection. A prophecy of coming sorrow seems to hover mysteriously in the still air, and in Nature's silent decay I see written the doom of my fair, frail, beautiful human hopes. Oh, if there were no resurrection!—if there were no gathering up the broken links of this unsatisfying life in Christ's blessed kingdom!

I have not succeeded yet in winning Maggie back to the peace and quietness of my home. The girl holds to her determination of evading me with a pertinacity which so far has baffled every attempt I have made to gain an interview. Once, and only once, I have been able

to speak with her since she left me, and then to no purpose. Returning one day from a visit to some of my charges, living in a remote part of the town, I came suddenly face to face with her at an abrupt turning of the narrow, unfrequented street. With bent head and compressed lips she was hurrying swiftly past me, when I laid my hand upon her arm, exclaiming, in joyful surprise—

"I am so glad to have found you, dear Maggie!"

She lifted her heavy eyes to my face with a look half despairing, half defiant—

"Can't you leave me to go in peace the way I have chosen?" she said, sullenly. "Will you have your pure name linked with my vile one? Go away. Your face has haunted me day and night—why do you thrust it again between me and the evil I would do? I'm going down—down to perdition; don't try to hold me back. My feet are going straight on to destruction, and the sooner I reach the end of my disgraceful course the better. Let me go!"

With a passionate gesture, she wrenched herself quite away from my detaining grasp, and sped on with such desperate swiftness that I found it impossible to overtake her, or even to keep her in view.

Poor child! poor child! she is maddened by the overwhelming sense of her shame and dishonor, but not hardened—not lost. The scorn, the reproach, the ribaldry, the angry imprecations flung at her on every side, have crushed out every vestige of self-respect. She thinks her offence so grievous—believes that she has erred past repentance and past pardon—sees her sin lying like a burning gulf between her and all good in this life and in the life to come, and with every finer sensibility of her nature outraged, every perception of duty and right perverted by the unholy influences acting upon her, she is ready to hurl herself headlong into the blackest depths of crime and wickedness, and bury forever the soul yet pure enough to feel its degradation, and cry out against its wrongs.

God save Maggie! God help us that have so little love, such meagre charity, so few kind words for the wandering and astray! God forgive us that forget our own weaknesses, our own infirmities, our own derelictions from the truth, while we go forth greedily to hunt the secret sins and hidden follies of our fellows, sitting in judgment thereon, as if our own lives were of immaculate whiteness.

As Mrs. Brown predicted, a large number of

my charity scholars were withdrawn after my decision regarding Maggie became known, but as the rumor of her departure got abroad, they came flocking back again, their mothers evidently believing that I had concluded to look at matters in a more sensible light—that is, in *their* light. Not wishing to mislead or to be misunderstood, I visited the parents of each of my pupils, assuring them that Maggie had left me greatly against my will, and that I should use every endeavor to bring her back—that if they objected to my guardianship of their children on that score, I should be under the painful necessity of submitting to their withdrawal. But I trusted they would see, I said, the wisdom of seeking to restore Maggie to a pure, virtuous and happy life; and how much more probable it was that we should succeed in doing so by kindness, love and gentleness, than by harsh judging, and by spiteful, cruel flings at her misfortune. I was sure, I told them, that my humble efforts to help her could result in no evil to the little ones they had committed to my care; but on the contrary, I believed I should be more faithful in duty to them—more constant in my endeavors to instill pure principles, and to impress them with a love of virtue and goodness, which should stand as a defence against every and all such temptations as had assailed and brought to ruin her whom they condemned.

With the most, my persuasions prevailed, although they evidently yielded more to a conviction of the honesty of my motives than to any faith they had in the soundness of my reasonings.

Only Mrs. Brown proved wholly intractable, and I have been compelled to relinquish "my Jane," a little consoled however, by the thought that, like her sister Sally, she is full panoplied by her inherent virtues against the insidious wiles of the evil one. Ah, well!

Dear mother! These little things have power to vex me now, which had not once. The brave, strong voice, whose cheerful tones frightened away my spectres of care, sounds but in memory now—the tender, faithful, eloquent eyes, that fought my shadows down, shine only in my dreams. You see, after all, my courage is not of myself, but of another. And all the good I do in life is of another too. Oh, what if this absence should be forever? *Could I live?* I cannot think nor reason. I know not how to prepare myself for such an event.

"As thy day is so shall thy strength be." Ay, Lord, and his life is in Thy hands.

To escape the gloom which fear engenders, I often have recourse to Henry's remedy for selfish sorrow—a visit to those more desolate and more comfortless than myself. And of these I find enough to send me quickly to my knees in humble supplication that God will forgive me for the weakness of my repining and my discontent, and that He will permit me by kindly aid and comforting word to break a little the burdensome weight of my fellow pilgrims' heavier cross.

Among those whose home-peace has been destroyed, and whose lives have been desolated by the misfortunes of our country, are many, close at hand, whose lot, I am forced to confess, is dark by contrast with mine. Frail, young wives, with families of helpless little ones dependent upon them for care and support,—middle-aged women, bereft of husband and sons by one blow of Fate,—solitary widows, deprived of the last remaining stay and comfort of their declining days,—gray-haired fathers, in the evening of life bearing up under the heat and the burden of noon for the sake of the "dear boys," who are doing such valiant things for truth, and liberty, and human right. These are the friends whom Henry commended to my thoughts and attentions, with wise provision for my happiness; for while I have been permitted to give them material aid in their necessities, I have gathered un hoped-for strength and consolation from the tender sympathies of those whose sorrows are so closely allied to my own. The happiest hours I have spent of late have been among these people, reading the brave, manly, loyal letters of our volunteers,—hearing of the loving, encouraging words that have been sent in reply,—seeing how cheerfully each one bears a part, or the whole of the burden incurred by the absence of a son, a brother, or a husband,—and learning how heroically our losses can be borne when we feel that we are contributing to the triumph of a good and just cause. Says one, "It did seem as if I could not have James go, but somebody must part with dear friends, and I knew it was no harder for me than for others." Says another, "It was like death in life to give up my boys, knowing the dangers and hardships to which they would be exposed, but I thought of the mothers of those whose blood was poured for our Freedom, and felt that their spirits would reproach me forever if I failed to send my sons to save what theirs had died to gain." And another, who had taken charge of her husband's business affairs, "Once I should have

shrunk from the very thought of such tasks as unwomanly, and out of place, but the justice of the cause which takes my husband from my side, renders easy the execution of things once difficult."

And yet, beneath all this outward bravery of word runs a stormy undercurrent of fear which makes the lives of these faithful women a constant torture, deepened by every rumor of portending battle, by every tale of peril and privation, and by every vision of horror which an excited imagination can conceive.

Of my acquaintances among this class is one—a widow lady—who interests me more deeply than all others, and to whom I am strongly attracted. Her life has been one long struggle with poverty and misfortune, and death has levied upon one and another of her large family until of all who could comfort and sustain her in old age, and repay her for her toils and sacrifices, only her youngest born is left. He is a worthy young fellow, and as soon as might be he transferred the burden of his mother's care to his own shoulders, and henceforward her life promised to be one of ease and quiet, such as she had never known. Thus it was when the Nation's war trumpet sounded through the land. Every present want was supplied, but there was no store for the future excepting such as Charley's strong hands were to provide. Ardent and enthusiastic—burning to write his name among the voluntary defenders of his country, he found it difficult to stand by the post he had assigned himself, but he remembered the age and failing health of his mother, and restraining his impetuosity by a powerful effort kept close silence, until she suddenly startled him by the grave accusation of cowardice and lack of patriotism. That was too much. The truth leaped from Charley's lips in solemn protest, and Mrs. Elliott, rejoicing in her boy's spirit, and blessing God that He had left her one son to give in the cause of liberty, sent him away with fervent blessings, and took up once more the heavy burden of the old, self-sacrificing life. She has had many offers of assistance, but she steadily refuses all, nor can any persuasions of mine induce her to take up her abode with me, though I continually urge it as a favor to myself.

It would stir your soul to hear this woman talk of her country with a fervor of feeling that makes the patriotic demonstrations of others seem full of empty sound. She does not talk for effect, nor go after strained titles for simple right and duty. Patriotism, with

her, is not mere breath, but *feeling*. She is simply *earnest*.

Has she a woman's heart? Does she suffer as others would in a son's absence? were questions which I used to ask myself in our earlier acquaintance. "Oh, Spartan mother! teach me to be brave," I cried, one day, sinking at her feet in a fit of weeping, feeling only my cowardly weakness, and longing sickly for courage and strength like hers. To my surprise, she drew me to her in a close embrace, great sobs heaving her bosom, and heavy tears coursing her furrowed cheeks.

"Oh," she said, "did you think there was no ache in my heart for my boy—my dear boy—my only one—my all in the wide world? I am not used to talk of my pains or my sacrifices. God knows them. I could have held my son by the strong tie of obligation, but I chose to make a voluntary surrender, and I ought not to complain. I do not. He is brave and daring, and his country needs him. When the tumult is over, he will come back to me. I feel it. Sleeping and waking my thoughts are with him. He will not fall. My prayers stand around about him, an impenetrable wall of defence. A mother's prayers never fail."

"A mother's prayers never fail." What a sweet faith! And it is true. Before God, I believe I have been kept from sinning many times through the simple power of your prayers, oh, my mother!

Baby May, waking from her slumbers, is lisping sweetly the three words which she has somehow learned to put together—"Have papa come?" This is always the greeting which she gives me on awaking—the little, childish question, "Have papa come?" Ah, my darling! the look of tender grieving which comes into her soft, blue eyes when I slowly shake my head in reply!

God bless you and hold you in his keeping, my dear mother. Tenderly yours,

ALICE DEWEY.

Many men, when they rise for a moment in thought or action above themselves, imagine they have risen above all other men.

When is a man least likely to pursue a straight course? When he forsakes the line of duty to follow the bent of his own fancy.

Love, justice, and fortune, are said to have no eyes; but all three make men open their eyes pretty wide sometimes.

Lucy Lawton, AND HER NEW HOME.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

CHAPTER I.

"Then you are determined, Lucy? Will nothing induce you to recall your promise to that Edward Lawton?"

"Nothing, aunt. If my heart prompted it—which it does not—I would never risk my happiness with the curse of a broken promise pursuing me, as it most assuredly would do."

"But think, Lucy! The one who now offers himself, is so well suited to you? Handsome, intelligent, and in a business that would give you a luxurious home; and that home, close by me, who love you so dearly! I should be proud, Lucy, to point to you as my niece, and the wife of Dr. Burton. While the other!"—and she hesitated.

"Well, what of the other, aunt?" and a look half defiant came in the young girl's eyes.

"Nothing but his poverty. How can you, reared as you have been, be content with a home in those horrid woods? A log cabin, perhaps, with backwoodsmen and their families for associates! Do not do this foolish thing, Lucy! If not for *my* sake, think of your dead mother, and my sister, and recall your promise! Ask to be released, and no one but a savage would refuse you."

"My mother's early home was in as wild a place, as the one to which I expect to go. Your father, and hers, was a pioneer in the wilderness, as I have often heard her say."

Mrs. Lindsey winced a little, but quickly replied—

"True, and a good reason why her child should never be subjected to the privations that her grandparents endured."

"I am sorry to displease you, aunt, but I engaged myself to Edward Lawton with your consent, and you must not blame me if I now refuse to break the engagement."

"But that was before his father died insolvent—or nearly so,—and I expected to see you move in a circle suited to the manner in which you had been reared." And tears of vexation sprang to the lady's eyes.

Lucy came softly to her chair, and kissing her cheek, said—

"Forgive me, aunt! It must be so. Edward comes in two weeks, and expects me to return with him to his Western home; and I have no wish that it should be otherwise."

"So soon? And I must give your answer

to Dr. Burton, and tell him you are to be married in two weeks? You might have done so much better, Lucy!"

In due time the wedding came; and the proud little woman, by its splendor, tried to hide from her friends what she considered the sacrifice of her beautiful niece. Dr. Burton was among the guests, and took no pains to conceal his disappointment.

CHAPTER II.

In a heavily timbered county in Michigan stood, or rather did stand, at the period of which I am writing, a dwelling composed of roughly hewn logs, and interlocked at the corners by notches, and cemented by mortar at the interstices. It was a large-sized dwelling, for one composed of logs, and the roof, extending beyond the main building, formed a rude porch, the floor of which consisted of riven logs, known in Western Parlane as "puncheon."

Convulvulus, and Alleghany vine twined lovingly around cords up to the roof, and then, unaided, crept along the low eaves, forming a complete fringe, and half shading a bird cage, whose yellow occupant sent forth a musical challenge to his not less noisy neighbors of the forest. Ivy clambered everywhere on the rough logs, as if it would fain hide the unskilful work of the builder. Snowy muslin curtains were parted, wide, at the low windows, that looked even smaller, from the thick wall of the building. A wing—also of logs—was attached to the part already described, for a kitchen. A log barn, and two or three other outbuildings, constituted the group.

The heavy forest trees had been removed from, perhaps, fifteen acres: and this "clearing" was divided, by a rail fence, into a wheat-field, corn-field, potato-field, and a little plat, by a merry brook, known as the meadow. A little garden, paled in with riven strips, completed the "improvements," if we except a few slender fruit trees, that struggled above their shorter-lived neighbors in the corn-field, as yet guiltless of fruit or even blossoms.

And in the dwelling lived Mrs. Lawton and her two sons, one of whom was at the village to meet his brother, who was hourly expected with his bride, from one of the Eastern states.

"Five o'clock!" said Mrs. Lawton, as the clock on the mantel struck the hour. "The stage comes in at four, and they will soon be here. Did you put water in the pitcher in their room, Jenny?"

"Yes, ma'am. Please go in and see how

nice it looks!" and she stepped to the door of a little room, one of two, partitioned off from the living room of the family.

Mrs. Lawton arose and followed her, smiling at the eager movements of the girl, who acted as help in their little household. She was the daughter of one of their neighbors, and was treated more as a child than a servant. The room was small, very small; but it contained a snowy robed bed, a wash-stand, a toilet-table—of home manufacture, as was the wash-stand—and two chintz-covered chairs. The wall was hung with newspapers, but so nicely fitted, margin to margin, that the eye delighted to rest upon it. A strip of soft-colored carpet was tacked down, just before the bed, while on the toilet-table, and before the little glass, was a tiny china pitcher filled with roses and pinks. Jenny looked at the flowers, and then at Mrs. Lawton, with a degree of pride, not to be understood by one who has access to such treasures all the summer.

"Why, Jenny! Where did you get those roses?"

"I ran home and got them while you was sleeping, after dinner. I thought, maybe, she had roses at home, and these would make her room seem more home-like. I picked all there was on the bush. It has only been out two years; and it came near dying the first year. I hope she won't be homesick, like poor Mrs. Cooper was, and fret herself to death."

Mrs. Lawton's heart sank, for a moment, as she asked herself, "what if she should be homesick?" But no, she would make her so happy that she *could* not be. She had known her, when blessed by a mother's love, and now, she would be one to her, in act as well as name; and thus musing she smoothed the rounded bed, stooped and gathered a straw from the white floor, and then, setting one of the chairs by the only window, so that its occupant could look out upon the waving grain, said—

"Thank you, Jenny; your roses will be appreciated by the bride, when she knows how scarce they are. And now, you may lay out the table."

The table was soon spread; and a tempting table it was, when all was ready. The cloth was a miracle of purity and glossiness; the plain white ware, well chosen and well kept; the cutlery, neat and polished; and the silver, although but little, multiplied itself by its own brightness. Nor were the edibles lacking in quality or arrangement. Cold fowls, of almond-like brownness; bread, white and

feathery in its lightness; butter, a perfect golden hemisphere; pickles, crisp—not green—Mrs. Lawton was afraid of green pickles; the cake, as no one but Edward's mother could make it, and kept in countenance by a dish of sweetmeats, made of maple sugar and wild plums. And last, but not least, was a plate of wild honey, glistening in its cells.

When all was completed, Mrs. Lawton sat down on the little porch to await the arrival, while Jenny, still more eager, went to the little gate, and peered over it to catch the first appearance of the team of oxen, that was to convey them home.

At last, her watching was rewarded; and with the glad cry, "they are coming," she yielded her place to Mrs. Lawton, whose impatience outstripped the slow brutes, and passing through the gate, she hurried down the road to meet them, and was soon clasping in her arms the tired wife and daughter.

"I could not wait any longer for you, my children," she said, as if half ashamed of her childish eagerness. "Those oxen are so slow, Edward!"

"Yes, mother, and if Lucy prefers to do so, we will try and reach home before them," and passing one arm around her, and giving the other to his mother, they walked the short distance to the dwelling.

It was just such a welcome as Lucy had yearned for; and as she entered the neat but humble dwelling, felt no regrets, and only wished her aunt could know how pleasant it seemed to her.

Edward Lawton was a man of but few words, and said nothing, although he looked eagerly in the young face for some sign of vexation or disappointment, as she looked timidly around the room. With a woman's instinct she understood the unasked question, and placing both her hands in his, she said, softly—

"I like it very much, Edward; it is far nicer than you led me to suspect. I shall be perfectly happy here."

CHAPTER III.

Ten years have passed away, and we again stand upon the farm of Edward Lawton.

The fifteen acres of "clearing" have grown to fifty; and others have crept up and joined it, until the country around looks like that of the older states, near the sea-board. True, the forest trees loom up dark and heavy in the background. But the owners consider them now as a source of wealth; as a railroad makes its way among those same trees; and the

whistle from a steam saw-mill, on the land of Edward Lawton, answers back to those on the great thoroughfare of Michigan.

Daily, and almost hourly, cars are freighted with the precious commodity, for the vast prairies of Illinois, of which nature has been so niggardly to that State. And the returns have come in bountifully. Neat, commodious dwellings have sprung up; school-houses are not few, or far between; and, gleaming through the trees, towards the railroad, is the spire of a church.

True, there are stumps in abundance; but it is summer now, and the waving grain and whispering corn-leaves have seemed to enter into a charitable compact to, as much as possible, hide their uncouth proportions.

Fruit trees, that would surprise an Eastern farmer with their rapid growth, dance and nod in the sunlight, with their wealth of fruit. Edward Lawton is no farmer's apprentice, and all the fruits, known in the Western States, are represented.

The old house has disappeared, and on its site stands a large, well-constructed farmhouse. A running rose clammers up each column of the piazza; while convulvulus and Alleghany vine creep timidly to its embrace, and then fringe the eaves, as at the porch of the old log house; for Lucy loves old friends.

No canary cage hangs among the vines now, but two beautiful children make sweeter music to the parents' ears than any birds could, as they laugh at their play on the grass. But one shadow has fallen on the household, since Lucy became an inmate. Good, kind Mrs. Lawton, the loving mother, is sleeping by the husband of her youth, back in the state from which she came. She was a great loss to them all, but to none more than Lucy; who felt that she had been twice called to stand by the death-bed of a mother. Time has dealt carefully with the young matron; or else happiness has fed the roses in her cheeks, and the lustre in her eyes. Mrs. Lindsey is now making her first visit, in the home of Edward Lawton; and Lucy, in her neat morning dress, is conversing with her in her usually pleasant tones.

"And so, you never regretted your choice, Lucy?"

"I, auntie!" and a joyous laugh rang out, that could only come from one of the happiest hearts in the world. "Why, I would not exchange homes with the most pampered lady in the land!"

"But how did it all seem to you when you first came? You have written me some things,

but tell me more. You never wrote me anything about your journey."

"Did I not?" and a smile of pleasant memories came over her face. "The railroad was only completed to within thirty miles of where we now live, and the remainder of our journey must be made by stage, to the 'village.' And over *such* roads, aunt, as you never saw, I am sure. Bridges and causeways, made of logs, that kept us in a constant jolt when on them; and when off, in mud or bouncing over low stumps, or the roots of high ones. First one wheel would drop into a cavity of mud, and then the other; and then, perhaps, before we were fairly righted, a wheel would go tilting over a stump or root, and we would be shook back to our old position, only to be repitched somewhere else in half a minute more.

"Don't you drive rather recklessly?" said my husband, to our driver, at one of our stopping places!

"Fast, do you mean? Well, perhaps I do. But the mail must go through, sir!"

"Yes, I thought, dolefully, and *females* too, if they live long enough.

"Why, this is nothing, sir! Sometimes we have to carry rails to pry out of the mud with. But we are light to-day."

"Whether he meant the vehicle or the passengers, I did not know, but I thought it quite as likely to be the latter; for I was sure, that if capsized into one of those seas of mud, it would take, not only a rail, but a rope, to get me out.

"At our first stopping place, an old lady got in, with a certain basket, that she handled very carefully; and which she soon took occasion to tell us contained geese eggs, that she was taking to her daughter, somewhere on the route.

"The pretty travelling hat you selected for me, had been knocked against the sides of the coach, until it looked more like a collapsed life preserver than a covering for the head. My gloves were worn to shreds, by clutching at the strap to steady myself; while my gray dress had become a print, from splashes of mud. But Edward was still more unfortunate; for at one time, when the crazy old vehicle gave an extra lurch, his hat fell off; and while trying to recover it, still another, and unprepared for this last, he lost his balance entirely, and pitched, headlong, into the old lady's basket of geese eggs!

"Laws a mercy! And the old goose is dead that laid um! and they was to be set

under a hen! And I don't believe there is another goose in the county!" said the old lady.

"Edward evidently thought it would have been better for him if she had died sooner; for such a plight as he was in! Broadcloth and broken geese eggs were certainly never intended for close contact! His shirt bosom was splashed with the yellow mass; and even his face and hands came in for a share. He did give vent to his ill-humor enough to say, he thought there must be some more geese left in the county! but as the old lady was too obtuse to comprehend, his arrow fell harmlessly.

"The eggs are effectually *sot*," Edward remarked to her at last, and if you will tell me what you valued them at, I will pay you for them!"

"Laws, no, sir! I think you are the one that needs to be paid!" And I thought so too. But he insisted upon making good her loss; and she soon after stopped at a little cabin in the woods, where a troop of white-headed children were watching the stage, and came running to meet her, with the glad cry of, 'grandmother has come!'

"After she had left, we sat and looked at each other in silence; your niece and her husband, on their bridal trip.

"My wife will certainly make her appearance in her new home with a novelty in the shape of a hat. And our Western ladies are half crazy about Eastern fashions."

"I said nothing, but drawing a small looking glass from my travelling basket, I held it to his face.

"Geese eggs!" And I saw no more of my glass until I got home. We changed some of our clothing at the village; said 'village' consisting of a store, tavern, blacksmith shop, school-house, and, perhaps, ten houses; and those mostly built of logs."

"No saw mills, Lucy?"

"No, they have all been built since I came. William—Edward's brother, you know—was there to meet us, with a team; and as soon as we had made a little change in our dress, we were ready for the last stage of our journey. And now, auntie, guess what my last method of conveyance was?"

"Indeed, I cannot! Donkeys, buffaloes, wild horses, or even wild cats! I should not wonder?"

"Oh, no! Nothing half so sprightly as even a donkey! A lumber wagon, drawn by a yoke of great, unwieldy oxen."

"Well, you broke down then, Lucy? You was disgusted—homesick?"

"Not in the least! I had seen others riding thus, since I came into the State; and it was much more comfortable than that horrid old coach. Besides the establishment, such as it was, belonged to my husband. You cannot imagine what a sense of rest and security came over me, as the great, slow things crept along, under the overhanging trees, that almost met over our heads. Occasionally, Edward would gaze in my face, with such a wistful look, that I knew his heart was asking me again and again, if I was not vexed or sorry? But I was neither, as he has since well known. And when the distance was nearly completed, and our dear, kind mother, weary of the slow steps of our team, came with a child's eagerness to meet us, I knew I had found a husband, mother, brother, and home."

"Well, you was easily satisfied, Lucy! Any one but you would have moved heaven and earth, to have been taken from such a place.

I would not have remained!"

"Oh, yes, aunt, if you had loved your husband, as I did mine! And that reminds me! I have never asked you what has become of my old quondam admirer, Dr. Burton?"

"Did I never write you about him?"

"Never!"

"Is it possible? Why, about two years after you was married, his wife came to claim him!"

"His wife?"

"Yes; he was about being married to one of our best girls, Sarah Dunton, when a wife, that he had deserted, in Maine, came and proclaimed his desertion."

"What excuse did he offer?"

"Oh! he professed to have obtained a divorce from her. But no one believed it, as he could show no proof; and his practice decreased so much, that he was soon obliged to leave; and is now living with his much abused wife—who is quite too good for him—in Maine."

"And that escape is to be added to my other blessings? Oh, aunt Lindsey! I am indeed one of the favored ones of the earth."

And when, an hour after, she told her husband of Dr. Burton, and asked him why she had been so favored and blessed in everything—he kissed her still blooming cheek, and whispered—

"Because you have tried to do right, my Lucy."

NEW BUFFALO, MICH.

Thoughts about Thinking.

BY C. H. B.

Happy the man or woman who can sit down and commence at the root of a subject and think it out, and with a quiet but decisive shake of the head, and a gentle but firm pressure of the lips can come to a *conclusion*. All cannot do this. To be sure all can *think*, but there is a science in thinking as well as in everything else. Every one can take a rifle and shoot, but it takes the good marksman to hit the target or bring down the bird. In like manner it requires the *good thinker* to think right, without wasting his thoughts and overtaxing his brain.

Sensitive persons are the *deepest* thinkers, for they have most to think about. Their hearts resemble the finest and most delicate gauze; they are susceptible to even the least impression, and they spread out and seem to search for every obstruction—every nail-point of rebuke—every tearing, wounding splinter of insult, and when they find the object of their investigation, they brood, and ponder, and grow dull, until the smart has ceased, or the sharpness destroyed, and then they "feel out" for something else to give them trouble, and are most content (it seems) when filled with harrowing, pain-giving, and sigh-producing thoughts.

To think, and *only* to think, is a weakness. To be a day-dreamer is often a misfortune. To forget the little word *do* is almost a *crime*—yea, this inactivity is the sly author of many a dark deed. But it is the grand difficulty with those who think *too much*; they forget or neglect to act, and fail to discharge the duties devolving upon them. You may pile on the fuel, and raise the steam in the engine, but unless you adjust the belting and *apply* the power, you will be wasting time. So to think without acting is folly, just as it is madness to act without thinking *at all*.

I have seen great clouds come sweeping along, promising rain when the parched earth is begging for it; but they have passed over without sending down one drop. So it is with some great thoughts; they swell the bosom with grandeur for a time, but away they go, and the atmosphere of the heart is not even purified; on the contrary, the heart is perplexed and its purity impaired by producing thoughts—good thoughts, which produce nothing in their turn.

There are little trifling thoughts, and feel-

ings, and emotions, which gently pass through the heart, like scud-clouds across the summer-sky, which accomplish nothing of account, yet they never were intended so to do; they serve to beautify and bedeck, and then their mission is ended; but these great life-thoughts—thoughts of doing good to others—thoughts of serving God—noble intentions—*act them out*. Whatever be the subject, come to some conclusion, and much precious time will be saved.

If the thoughts be new and original, *seize the pen*—write them out, and let the world enjoy them. If pondering over some old and troublesome matter, let us say, "Thus will I do—it is all I can do," and God will do the rest. Let us remember that *night* is the time for dreaming, and that the sun should shine upon a world of workers.

To act without thinking is *dangerous*, but to think all the time without acting is a *weakness* which God cannot approve.

Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Three months later. Madeline is still a tenant with the Jackmans. It is mid-winter. She occupies the room in the second story where we last saw her. Bureau and bedstead are gone. The only furniture to be seen is a thin bed on the floor spread with a faded chintz comfortable, a small pine table, and a single chair. The room is chilly, and Madeline sits crouching with an old shawl drawn tightly about her shoulders, near the fireplace, where a few sticks are burning. On the table, which has been drawn near the fireplace, lies some needlework.

Three months have done their wasting work on Madeline. She was sick when we saw her last; too sick to bear up and continue the work by which the wolf of starvation was to be kept from her door. After a week of mental and bodily prostration, she had rallied again, and gone on with her weary tasks. Mrs. Jackman acceded to her proposition about the bureau, and took it in the place of money, so cancelling the rent obligation. But as the weeks gathered themselves into months, the rent again accumulated, for Madeline's strength was little more than feebleness itself, and all she could earn was consumed in fuel, food and medicine. Then the landlord became restless again, and demanded of his wife the removal of their un-

profitable tenant. He was pacified on the relinquishment by Madeline of her bedstead, two chairs, and a fine lace collar, which were sold for more than the sum actually due. Mrs. Jackman could not find it in her heart to turn the poor sick woman out of doors. She was so gentle, so patient, "just like a hurt lamb," she said, that she could not act towards her in the hard, selfish way she had been in the habit of acting towards people of her own class. And so she had continued to stand between her tenant and her husband.

But, even Mrs. Jackman saw that there must come an end to this condition of things. Mrs. Spencer grew weaker as the days went on. Bureau, bedstead, and chairs were gone, and the earnings diminished instead of increasing. When the winter days came on, Mrs. Spencer found herself too thinly clad to go for her work. Pitying her condition, Mrs. Jackman took the work home for her, and brought back a new supply.

At Christmas, Madeline was again in debt for her room.

"It's no use, Kitty," said Jackman to his wife. "I'm going to put my foot down once for all. That woman'll have to leave."

"I wish she were in a better place," answered Mrs. Jackman. "And she will be, I'm thinking, before many months go over her head. D'you know, John, she talks about dying just as I'd talk about going on a visit somewhere. She isn't the least bit afraid of death. It makes me feel strange to hear her."

"Then, my advice to her is, to die at once," replied Jackman, roughly. "She can't be any worse off than she is here. And she must do it quickly, or she can't have the privilege in my house. But jesting aside, Kitty, I'm not going to fool with her any longer. She owes, now, more than her duds will sell for, and every day she keeps that room is money out of my pocket. If she has no friends to look after her, she must go to the poor-house, and the sooner you let her know what's to come, the more time she'll have to get ready. Next week she must be out of that room. On Monday I shall put up a bill."

"Don't say that, John!" replied his wife, with unusual sobriety of manner. "No good will come of hard treatment to this woman. I can't tell why it is; but I feel strangely about it. There's something in her that's uncommon, like."

"You always were a fool, Kitty!" retorted Jackman, half angrily. "I don't know what

you mean by hard treatment. The city and county take care of the poor. That's what the almshouse is for. That's what I pay a tax for. Do you think I'm going to fill my house with paupers? Not I! John Jackman isn't quite a born fool. I don't see what's come over you, Kitty. Ever since this woman came into our house, you've acted as if you were afraid of her."

"No, John, not afraid of her. That isn't it at all. I've pitied her, poor weak thing! She isn't like the people I've been used to seeing, or she'd been sent adrift long and long ago. I can't just say what it is, but there's something about her that makes my heart soft. Just let her stay through the winter."

"No!" Jackman spoke with a strong impulse in his voice.

"It won't be anything out of our pockets, John."

"Of course not! She'll pay like a queen," he answered with irony.

"It won't be in the long run, I mean. D'you know, John, that a verse in the Bible which I read when I was a little girl, keeps all the while coming into my mind. I haven't thought of it before for a dozen years. 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay him again.' That's it, as near as I can remember. It seems as if it was meant just for us."

"Pooh! Pooh! Stuff! I guess, if the truth were known, it would be found that Mrs. Spencer put this into your head. People like her are smart."

"No, John. Mrs. Spencer never repeated that verse in my hearing. It came up all of itself. I tried not to think of it, but the more I tried, the more it would come up. She's poor, and sick—dying I might say. Now, it won't be much for us, John, just to let her stay where she is 'till spring; or, maybe, not 'till longer than February. She isn't going to trouble anybody very long."

"I said no, and I mean no!" Mr. Jackman showed increasing irritation. "Next week she must go or pay up her rent. 'Tisn't any use in you to bamboozle about her any longer. I've put my foot down and it shall stay down. The money due must be paid or she goes out. You'll tell her so at once."

"It's no use, John," replied Mrs. Jackman. "I can't give her warning. You must do it yourself, if it's done at all."

The man grew very angry at this, swore bitterly, and stormed about in a fruitless rage. Twice he started for the stairway, asserting

that he would make short work of it with Mrs. Spencer; but, something held him back.

"I'll call in a policeman and have her taken off," he said, at length, catching up his hat and going out. Mrs. Jackman understood her husband's character, and did not feel concerned at this threat.

A little while afterwards she went up to Mrs. Spencer's room. She found Madeline crouching near a few burning sticks in the fire-place, a thin shawl clutched tightly around her shoulders—shivering. The air struck coldly on the face of Mrs. Jackman.

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, this will never do!" said the landlord's wife. "Your room is as chilly as a barn. You'll get your death a cold." She stood for a few moments and then went out quickly; but soon returned with an armful of light wood.

"There," she said, when a bright blaze glowed on the hearth, "that will do some good. I'll bring you up two or three armfuls. You must keep warm, Mrs. Spencer. And now it just comes to me. There's a society that gives out small stoves and coal to poor people. Mrs. Blunt was speaking about it last week. I'll go right away and see if I can't get you a stove and half a ton of coal."

"Oh, if you could!" A faint light came into Madeline's wasted countenance. "How thankful I would be," she added, in a grateful voice.

"If it's to be done, I'm the one to do it," replied Mrs. Jackman. "Nothing stops me when I once get a thing into my head. As my husband says, I'll go through fire and water to gain my ends. So, you may count on the stove and coal if they are to be had."

Mrs. Jackman went out full of this new purpose. She found sundry impediments in her way; but a strong will removed them. In less than two hours from the time she set about her work it was accomplished, and a small, hot stove sent its genial warmth into every corner of Madeline's room.

"This is comfortable," she said, as she felt the pleasant heat, and saw Madeline lay off her shawl. But, even as she spoke, the nakedness of the room, and its comfortless aspect, struck her unpleasantly. At the same time, something like shame, or guilt, troubled her feelings. Why was this poor sick woman's room so naked? Who had taken beadstead, bureau, chairs, carpet? The smile of self-satisfaction died out of Mrs. Jackman's face. The little she had just done for this woman, seemed as nothing in view of what she and her husband

had done against her. She felt as if she had been a robber and an oppressor. She turned her face away, as Madeline laid a hand on her arm, and said, gratefully—almost tearfully—

"God bless you, Mrs. Jackman! I cannot find words in which to speak my gratitude. If I never repay you, He will not fail."

"Oh, it's nothing—nothing!" answered Mrs. Jackman, not able to repress a disturbed feeling, and still keeping her face turned aside. "I'd not deserve the name of a woman, if I kept back from a trifle like this."

And Mrs. Jackman went down stairs, glad to escape from the presence of Madeline, in whose grateful expressions her heart found more of rebuke than blessing.

Mr. Jackman came home while a portion of Madeline's half ton of coal still lay on the side walk.

"What does that mean?" he demanded of his wife, referring to the coal.

"It means," she answered, that a charitable society has sent Mrs. Spencer a stove and some coal."

"Did they send money to pay her rent?"

"No."

"Then they can take them back again. No stove shall be put up in my house."

"The stove is up already," said Mrs. Jackman, quietly.

"And you permitted it to be done?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll pitch it out of the window, and the woman after it!" Jackman was furious. His wife remained silent.

"Have you told her that she must go next week?" Jackman confronted his wife with a menacing look. His passions were, at times, uncontrollable. More than once he had struck her.

"I have not." Her calm voice and steady eyes mastered him. "That must be your work, as I have already said."

"It shall be my work!" exclaimed Jackman, and he left the room, and went with a heavy, stumbling tread up stairs. His wife did not follow him; but sat down, folding her hands, to await the result.

A pale, startled face, met Jackman as he pushed open the door of Madeline's room—a pale, startled face, and large brown eyes, soft, tender, suffering, questioning. Madeline had drawn her single chair near the window, and was sewing. She arose on her landlord's entrance, and stood bending a little forward, with her eyes fixed upon him.

The raging beast was subdued; the man felt

himself in a wrong position. The woman and her landlord stood looking at each other for some moments in silence.

"You have a stove, I see," said Jackman, breaking through the strange embarrassment which had fallen on him so suddenly.

"Yes, sir, thanks to the interest made for me by your kind-hearted wife." The tender sweetness of Madeline's voice penetrated his ears like music. The wild beast in his nature slunk still farther away and out of sight.

Jackman was dumb. He gazed in a bewildered, half fascinated way, at Madeline; then around the stripped, comfortless room; then out of the window; and then, like a baffled and rebuked dog, turned and retreated. It was the first time he had gone into his tenant's room; and he felt sure it would be his last adventure in that direction.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The sudden appearance of Jackman had frightened Madeline. On his withdrawal, she sunk back into the chair from which she had arisen, feeling weak, and trembling inwardly. She knew him to be a violent man, and there had always rested on her mind a dread of encountering him. She attempted to resume her sewing, but her hand trembled so that she could not guide the needle. The air of the room felt close and stifling—her face was hot, as if she were before a fire. She panted for breath. Seeking for relief, she opened a window, and let the cold air fall over her. There came a sensation of ease, followed too soon by a shuddering chill that seized her without warning.

There was not now heat enough in the little stove, red in some parts, to remove the inward cold that made her vitals shiver. She gathered her shawl about her, but it gave no impression of warmth. Her head was confused—her limbs heavy—weakness oppressed her. So, she crept into her poor bed on the floor, drawing the thick comfortable over her.

"Why, bless me! Are you sick?" Mrs. Jackman came in nearly an hour afterwards, and found Mrs. Spencer in bed.

Madeline roused herself from a dull stupor, and looked up without replying.

"What's the matter? Are you sick?" Mrs. Jackman repeated her question, bending over Mrs. Spencer as she spoke.

"I'm afraid so," was murmured.

"How do you feel? Where are you sick?" Mrs. Jackman was earnest, but very kind.

"I'm so tight here." Madeline laid her

hand on her chest, and tried to take a long breath. Then she closed her eyes in a listless way.

Mrs. Jackman raised herself up, and stood thinking for some moments; then left the room and went down stairs, where she met her husband.

"Look here, John," she spoke with a will in her tones not to be mistaken, "I've got something to say to you."

"Say on," growled the beast in Jackman, not yet fully restored to brutal confidence.

"There's a sick woman up stairs! What did you do or say to her?"

"I said nothing, and did nothing, that could harm a fly," he answered, putting himself on the defensive, just where his wife wished to get him.

"You frightened the poor thing by storming into her room as you did. I was afraid of it when you went up. You didn't consider how weak she was, poor creature!"

"I didn't storm into her room," returned Jackman, not yet entirely recovered from the sense of shame that overwhelmed him so suddenly when he found himself in the presence of Mrs. Spencer. "I didn't speak an unkind word."

"I'm glad you didn't, John," answered Mrs. Jackman, mollifying a little. "You'd never have forgiven yourself. And now, John," she continued, "there's only just one thing for us to do, and that is to put her room in a little decent order. She'll have to have a doctor, and I'll not stand the disgrace of having one come into my house to visit a woman like that, lying on the floor in a room without furniture. There's a bedstead in the garret, and I'm going to have it put up for her. And I'm going to have a bureau moved in there, and some pieces of carpet spread down. She shall be made comfortable—she shall! Poor soul! It won't hurt us any."

Jackman's selfish spirit winced at this proposal, but, as the case stood, he had not the courage to demur. His wife was one of those prompt, in earnest persons, who never stop long between purpose and act. She saw that she could have her own way for the time, and did not pause for a change of feeling in her husband. Returning to Madeline's room, she said, kindly and cheerfully—

"Come, Mrs. Spencer; I want you to go into the next chamber for a little while. It's pleasanter, and maybe you'll feel better. Come!"

She stooped to the floor where Madeline was

lying, and assisted her to rise from her pallet of straw, hard almost as the floor itself. The sick woman made no resistance, but suffered herself to be taken into an adjoining chamber and placed in a more comfortable bed. Her skin was hot with fever, and her breath quick and obstructed. She complained of a dull aching all through her chest.

Jackman growled to himself in an undertone, as he brought down the unused bedstead from the garret and put it up as directed by his wife in Mrs. Spencer's room; but did not rise into any overt opposition to the new condition of things about being inaugurated. The whole spirit of his life had been—"take, take"—never—"give, give." He had been eager to gather from all sources, to harvest in all fields whether his own or his neighbor's; but not to distribute for the good of another. But now, he felt strangely impelled in another direction. Now he was conscious of something like an inward pleasure in providing for the comfort of one whom, but a little while before, he would have cast into the street without a throb of compunction. He made no objection to helping in with a small bureau, and actually proposed the removal to Mrs. Spencer's room of a light dressing-table and glass.

When Madeline was taken back, she hardly knew her chamber. The transformation, so quickly made, touched her deeply. As Mrs. Jackman assisted her into the comfortable bed she had provided, Madeline's feelings gave way, and in tearful thanks she laid her head on her breast, sobbing—"May the Lord, who put this kindness into your heart, bless you a thousand fold!"

A new emotion thrilled the heart of Mrs. Jackman as this benediction fell upon her ears. She seemed to be lifted above the common influences of her life, and to be in association with something higher and purer.

"Say to your husband," Mrs. Spencer added, as she sank back with her head among the soft pillows, "that God will not let his good act go unrewarded. He is very near to us. He sees all our actions; he knows all our thoughts; he keeps for each one of us a book of remembrance."

She closed her eyes and was silent.

"Don't let anything trouble you," said Mrs. Jackman. "You're sick and can't help yourself. It shall all be right."

Mrs. Spencer opened her large eyes and fixed them on Mrs. Jackman. How full of grateful thanks they were! A soft smile gathered around her lips. A radiance from

within lighted her countenance. Half entranced, and half in awe, Mrs. Jackman looked upon her, and felt that a beauty not of this earth was flooding her spirit.

"If you could have seen her face, John," she said to her husband, afterwards. "I've seen pictures of angels; but I never saw a face like hers. I've had a different feeling ever since. Wont you just go up and see her? She's afraid of you. Just go up and say a kind word, and so put her heart at ease."

But Jackman growled an emphatic "No!"

"Now do, John!" urged his wife. "I want you to see how nice and comfortable she is. You'll both feel better for it."

"If she's comfortable, I'm satisfied. You've had your own way about her, and I hope you're content. What are you bothering me for? I don't care for the woman."

But he did care for all that, as his wife saw plainly enough. Something had touched his feelings, and changed his sentiments in regard to her. He was puzzled at his own state.

"She ought to have a Doctor," said Mrs. Jackman. "I don't like that fever and tightness of the breast, coming on so suddenly. She coughed when I was in her room just now."

"I'll go for a Dispensary Doctor," replied Jackman.

"She ought to have a good Doctor. She's a very sick woman."

"Who's to pay a Doctor? She's got nothing." Jackman frowned. He understood his wife.

"See here, John"—Mrs. Jackman came close to her husband, speaking in a serious, coaxing way—"We haven't a chick or a child—no one to take care of but ourselves—while most of our neighbors have houses full to provide for. We're getting along, while dozens that I could name are standing still or going behind hand. Now, it wont hurt us to do a little for somebody else once in our lifetimes. Let us think she's our child, and do for her, now that she is sick, just as if she were our own."

"If you arn't losing your senses, Kitty, then I wonder! What on earth is coming over you," exclaimed Jackman, trying to look the anger he could not feel.

"Just as you please, John," answered Mrs. Jackman, who did not think it prudent to press her husband any farther. "Get a doctor for her;—I leave that to you."

Jackman started out, and took his way to the nearest Dispensary. But his wife's sug-

gestions were in his mind, and he could not push them aside. At the door of the Dispensary he paused, still undetermined; then kept on without entering. Not having had occasion to call in a doctor for some years, Jackman had no family physician; so he was at a loss where to go. He walked on slowly, and with an irresolute manner; stopping now and then, as the old purpose to call in a Dispensary doctor returned. But, he did not retrace his steps. He never had been so undecided in his life. It was a new thing for a struggle to go on in his mind between a selfish and a generous feeling.

In one of these pauses, a carriage drew up at the sidewalk where he stood, and a man past the prime of life, with a grave but mild countenance, alighted, and crossing from the curbstone, went into a basement office. In the window of the office was a sign bearing the name of Doctor Wheatland. Jackman correctly inferred, that the person who had alighted from the carriage was Doctor Wheatland himself. Something in his face attracted him, and so, without taking time to consider and hesitate, he went in and asked if he would call and see Mrs. Spencer.

"She's very poor," he added, as a saving clause for himself, "but, maybe, if it isn't too much, it can be paid."

"What did you say her name was?" asked Doctor Wheatland, showing more interest in the case than Jackman had expected.

"Mrs. Spencer," was replied.

"Who is she?" inquired the Doctor.

Jackman shook his head. "Don't know anything about her, sir. She took a room at my house six or seven months ago."

"How old is she?"

"She isn't young, sir. Maybe about forty; and maybe older."

The Doctor mused for a little while.

"What has she been doing at your house?" He put the question with evident interest.

"She took in sewing."

"Does any one come to see her?"

"No, sir. She don't seem to have any friends."

"Spencer is the name?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Spencer."

"What kind of a woman is she?"

"I've not seen much of her," replied Jackman. "But, I guess, she's a nice kind of a woman. My wife thinks so."

"I'll call and see her." And the Doctor wrote down the address in his memorandum book.

CHAPTER XXX.

"Here's the Doctor."

Mrs Jackman had entered Mrs. Spencer's room, followed by Doctor Wheatland. The instant the physician looked into Madeline's face, he took hold of Mrs. Jackman's arm, and drawing her back from the bed, whispered—

"I would like to see her alone for a few minutes, if you please."

Mrs. Jackman withdrew. The Doctor then sat down by the bedside. Madeline glanced into his face, and recognizing him, started up in bed, looking at him, from her large, fever-glistening eyes, in a kind of blank bewilderment.

"My poor Madeline!" said the Doctor, with an emotion he could not repress. "My poor Madeline!" he repeated, pressing her back upon the pillow from which she had arisen, and laying his hand softly on her temples, smoothing back the hair caressingly, tenderly, as if she had been his own child.

"Oh, Doctor! Doctor!" sobbed Madeline, surprise and hope in her voice. Then feeling overcame her and she wept passionately.

"My poor child!" murmured the Doctor, his hand still resting on her head. "It must have gone hard with you since our last meeting! But you are sick. The physician first; the friend afterwards. How do you feel? What ails you?"

As soon as Madeline could get voice to speak, she explained how a sudden chill had seized her as she sat, overheated, by the window, followed by fever, tightness and pain in the chest. A cough interrupted her speech. It was dry and wheezing. The attack had been sudden, and she had grown worse rapidly. The Doctor's countenance grew serious. He bent his ear down close against her chest, to get the sound of her respiration. He held her pulse, counting the beats. Examined her tongue; and then sat pondering the case, searching in the storehouse of thought for the remedy best suited to her case. After it was chosen and administered, he sat and watched for the effect, which was soon apparent in the lessening heat of her skin, and lighter breathing. The cough, which had begun to be troublesome, returned at more distant intervals, and with lessening force.

"You feel better?" whispered the Doctor.

"Yes."

"Can breathe more freely?"

"Yes."

"How is the pain in your chest?"

"I scarcely feel it now."

"The attack was sudden; but we shall soon have the disease under control."

Madeline lay with her eyes fixed on the Doctor; never moving them for an instant.

"It seems," she whispered, "as if God had sent you here."

"He is in all our ways," replied the Doctor.

"Yes—yes," she murmured. "But His ways are not as our ways." Her eyes shut quickly, and there was a spasm of emotion in her face. "Nor," she added, recovering herself, "our ways as His ways. But all will come out right in the end. I have kept my faith in that, Doctor."

"And your heart pure."

"My life pure," she answered. "At least, I have tried to keep it so. The pure heart is from God."

"Yes—yes. God only can change the perverse will. The external life is ours, and we may do good or evil. But, over desire—over feeling—we have no inward power. God changes all this in the degree that we act from right principles. We must do right if we would be right."

Madeline's eyes closed heavily as the Doctor ceased speaking. He saw this and remained silent. In a little while, she was in a gentle sleep. Rising, noiselessly, he went to the door, and opening it stepped out. Mrs. Jackman, who was in an adjoining chamber, met him in the passage and asked about Mrs. Spencer.

"She is more comfortable," replied the Doctor, in a whisper, "and has fallen asleep."

"Is she a very sick woman, Doctor?"

"She is ill, ma'am, and will require careful attention."

"Oh, she shall have that!" replied Mrs. Jackman, showing much interest. "I'll nurse her as well as if she were one of my own flesh and blood."

"You know her to be a right kind of a woman?"

There came a flash of resentment into the eyes of Mrs. Jackman.

"Right kind of a woman! You'll not find many as good, if you travel the world over."

"Just my own impression, which I am glad to hear you confirm," replied the Doctor.

"And now, I want you to be careful in giving her the medicine I shall leave. Here are two powders. Dissolve them in about a wineglass of water each, and give a spoonful, alternately, every half hour."

"That is, first from one glass, and then

from the other, half an hour apart," said Mrs. Jackman.

"Precisely. You understand the direction. Use two clean tumblers in which to dissolve the powders, and let there be two silver spoons, one for each medicine."

"It shall be just so, Doctor. I'll see to it myself."

"She is sleeping now. When she wakes, say to her, that I will call in again during the afternoon."

The Doctor then retired, and Mrs. Jackman got the two tumblers and dissolved the powders. Mrs. Spencer was still asleep when she went back to her room. She moved about noiselessly, and then sat down near the bed to watch her patient; half wondering with herself at the interest she was feeling in one whose presence in the house had been for months a trouble and a concern.

Madeline slept for nearly half an hour. When she awoke, she started up and looked eagerly about the room; then turned to Mrs. Jackman, saying, in a disappointed voice—

"Oh, it was so real!"

"What?"

"The dream I had just now." She paused, and looked intently at Mrs. Jackman—then let her eyes move about the room.

"Has any one been here?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Who?" She became agitated.

"The Doctor."

"Doctor Wheatland?" Eagerly.

"I didn't know his name. He was an elderly man."

"Where is he?"

"Gone. He left you some medicine. There it is on the mantel-piece. You must take a spoonful now, and another in half an hour." And Mrs. Jackman crossed the room for one of the glasses in which the powders had been dissolved.

"Did he say he'd come back again?"

"O yes. He's coming back again this afternoon."

Madeline's heart beat violently; she was in a tremor of excitement.

"Do you know the Doctor?" asked Mrs. Jackman, whose curiosity was aroused.

"I've seen him before."

"What is his name?"

"Doctor Wheatland. I knew him many years ago, when I was only a girl."

"He's one of the great doctors of the city," said Mrs. Jackman.

"He's always stood high as a physician."

And then," she added, after a pause, "he's such a good man."

Meantime, Doctor Wheatland was making his round of afternoon visits. In passing through Fourteenth street, he bowed to a lady who happened to be at a window. After going half a block farther, he ordered his driver to turn and set him down at the house where he had recognized the lady.

"This is not a professional call, Mrs. Lawrence," said Doctor Wheatland, smiling, as he met the lady in her parlor.

"Which makes your visit none the less welcome," she replied, her countenance full of pleasure.

"I've had what might almost be called an adventure to-day," said the Doctor, looking more serious.

"Ah? What was it?"

"I met an old, old friend of yours and mine."

"Who?"

"You remember Madeline Spencer—Mrs. Jansen, afterwards?"

"Oh, Doctor!" Mrs. Lawrence became excited. "What of her? Where is she?"

"She is sick—very poor, and friendless."

"Friendless and poor no longer!" replied Mrs. Lawrence, with increasing excitement.

"Your old regard for her has not died," said Doctor Wheatland. "I'm glad it came into my thought to see you."

"It is in Providence that you called," answered Mrs. Lawrence. "For months I have been in search of her; and was beginning to fear that she was dead."

"She is not very long for this world; but, if I read her face aright, she is growing purer for the next," said Doctor Wheatland. He then related what the reader already knows of his meeting with Madeline, adding:—

"I think this attack of pneumonia under control. Fortunately, I was called early. I shall see her again before night."

"Do you think, Doctor," asked Mrs. Lawrence, "that it would be safe to remove her at once?"

"Remove her where?"

"To my house."

Doctor Wheatland bent his brows thoughtfully.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked. His surprise was not concealed.

"Altogether so, Doctor. If it will be safe to remove her, I will order a carriage, and go for her without a moment's delay."

The Doctor considered again.

"The day is cold," he said. "If she were to be chilled again! And then, I am not sure as to the condition of her lungs. The frosty air might be too stimulating."

"How far away is she?"

"A dozen blocks—not more."

"Don't you think it might be ventured, Doctor? Say yes. I'm sure that all ill effects will be more than compensated by the higher care and comfort of my house. I will nurse her as tenderly as if she were my own sister."

"She would be better here—a great deal better. Perhaps it might be ventured. Tomorrow, I have no doubt it would be safe."

"Don't say to-morrow, Doctor! To-day—now! Let me go for her at once."

"I shall have to see her first. In two hours I will visit her again," said Doctor Wheatland.

"Not for two hours! Oh, Doctor!"

"What then, Mrs. Lawrence?"

"There are things that cannot wait, Doctor. I will order a carriage at once, and half fill it with pillows, if needed. You shall go with me, and if on seeing Madeline again, you decide that it will not be risking too much to remove her, we will bring her away."

Mrs. Lawrence prevailed. Madeline was asleep when she entered softly, but with a disturbed heart and dim eyes, the small, close room where she lay, and bent down over her, only repressing the sobs that shook her inwardly, by a painful effort. There was now no fever-flush on Madeline's face, which was white and thin—almost ghostly—but very pure, and still preserving its finely cut outlines. Doctor Wheatland stood by her side.

The movements in Madeline's room were not wholly noiseless. She was sleeping but lightly, and opened her eyes upon the faces of the Doctor and her old friend.

"Jessie!" There was no start, but a deep and tender surprise in her low voice.

"Madeline! Dear Madeline!" Mrs. Lawrence signed for silence and quiet with her finger upon her lips. Love could find no sweeter tones by which to reveal herself.

Doctor Wheatland took Madeline's hand and felt of her pulse.

"Scarcely any fever," he said. "How is the tightness in your chest?"

"I don't feel it now." She heard the Doctor, but only saw Mrs. Lawrence, from whose face and eyes she was drinking the very wine of life.

"I have come to take you away from here," said Mrs. Lawrence. Madeline did not answer. Will and thought were quiescent. She

had ceased her struggle for life. She was a frail leaf floating with the current. It might bear her whither it would.

Immediate preparations were made for her removal. She offered no resistance—asked no questions—made only one remark.

"She has been kind to me"—looking towards Mrs. Jackman, who, with a gratified, busy manner, was helping to get Madeline ready.

"And shall not be forgotten," said Mrs. Lawrence.

When all was prepared, Madeline, well wrapped up, left her room, leaning on the Doctor and Mrs. Lawrence. She was weaker than had been supposed. At the head of the stairway, she became so faint that she had to sit down, and some minutes passed before she was able to rise again.

Jackman—hard, coarse, and rough, had kept himself aloof from these proceedings, yet still within the line of observation. He was by no means an uninterested party. Two quite opposite feelings were at work in his mind. Always looking out for some advantage to himself, the question as to what gain might come to him through these new friends of Mrs. Spencer's, gave to his dull blood a quicker motion. But, on the other hand, the human in him had been stirred from its almost death-sleep. Something about Mrs. Spencer, since he had come near enough to feel the sphere of her quality, had impressed him in a way never felt before. He was softened to a true manliness in her presence.

Madeline had risen, and was about attempting again to descend the stairs, supported by Doctor Wheatland and Mrs. Lawrence, when Jackman pressed forward, saying, with all the pity and gentleness he could throw into a voice unused to such intonations—

"There's no strength in her, poor thing! Let me carry her down."

And taking her up in his great arms as easily as most men would lift a child, he bore her down stairs and out to the carriage, placing her gently among the pillows with which it was lined.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jackman," Madeline said, feebly. "I won't forget this."

The man stood half shame-faced. He had been betrayed into an act of genuine kindness.

"Nor will I forget you, sir," said Doctor Wheatland, giving Jackman his hand as he stood by the carriage door.

"You will find her at No. — Fourteenth street. Come to-morrow. We shall both want

to see you." Mrs. Lawrence leaned from the carriage window, and spoke to Mrs. Jackman, who promised to call as desired.

"It is better so, John," said Mrs. Jackman, as the carriage drove away, and they went back across the pavement, "than if we had sent her to the alms-house."

Jackman did not reply. The remembrance of what he had meditated against Madeline hurt him interiorly. At the same time, there dawned into his mind a new conviction. He saw, dimly, it is true, that there might come loss, as well as gain, from a too eager seeking of our own. Mrs. Spencer in the alms-house! The thought gave him pain, and he pushed it aside, hastily.

"I'm so glad we were kind to her, poor thing!" continued Mrs. Jackman, when they were back again in the house. "It wasn't any loss to us. And I'm sure I feel a great deal better. It was just right in you, John, to take her up as you did and carry her down stairs. She might have fainted before getting to the carriage. She won't forget it. Poor dear soul! It is strange how I feel towards her."

Jackman kept silence while his wife talked, his thoughts echoing her words far oftener than she imagined.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.)

My Cousin, Uriah Smith.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

My cousin Uriah intended making me a visit. Aunt Martha had written me a letter to that effect, and the news gave me a feeling of genuine pleasure. I remembered the time, a great many years before, when I had spent a summer at Aunt Martha's, on the pleasant old farm. I thought of the long, sunny days, when Uriah and I had wandered through narrow white paths, bordered with soft grass, through the deep, shady woods, in search of the purple phlox and waxy star lilies—of the clear stream that rippled through the clover field, where we always filled our little cups of green leaves with the cool water, or dipped in our faces to draw them out again, glowing with the health and roses of childhood.

I remembered how carefully Uriah had always carried me over all the low, damp places, and thought with a thrill of terror even then, of the day when I had fallen asleep beneath the great red apple tree, and was awakened by a cold, slimy movement over my hands.

Horror glued my lips together and held me motionless, for I knew it must be a snake, and before I could gather strength enough to cry for help, I heard the rushing of a pair of feet, and cousin Uriah caught the serpent up in his hands and flung it from him with the strength that terror alone can give. It was a large copperhead, and it was a thousand wonders the brave boy escaped unhurt and with his life. Gratitude towards him filled my life forever afterwards.

I thought of the searches after eggs in the barn loft, where the fresh, sweet-scented hay, was heaped up almost to the rafters; of the rides on the sleek, fat old horses, of evenings, when, without saddle or bridle, we took them to the creek for water. I remembered, with a smile, how I persisted in having cousin Susan show me how to milk, and how, instead of covering myself with honors, as I had intended, I covered myself with the thin, aimless streams of milk, that would go every place excepting into the shining pail. How, as a final to my mortification, Brindle, after submitting patiently to my fruitless endeavors, walked quietly off, upsetting my stool and dignity together. Suffering human nature gave way beneath such an accumulation of troubles, and I cried as loud as my not very weak lungs would permit, and would not be pacified till Susan healed my wounded feelings with a lump of maple sugar.

All these memories of my childhood wove themselves around my cousin Uriah, and clothed him with some of the purest affection of my heart. I was anxious to do everything in my power to make his visit a pleasant one. One of my young lady friends, not long before that, had had a young lady cousin from the country to spend the fall with her. The cousin, whom I shall call Mary, was a quiet, modest, pretty girl, unused to fashionable society, of course; but her manners were so sweet and unpretending, her conversation so pure, fresh and refined, that any one possessing the right kind of feeling could not have helped liking her.

She was poor, though, and her wardrobe was meagre and plain, and so her haughty cousin "snubbed" her on all occasions, kept her out of sight as much as possible, and two or three times had spoken slightly and scornfully of her in the presence of others. The consequence was the gentle Mary soon returned home, grieved and wounded beyond reparation. Not long afterwards, however, one of her cousin's most favored suitors, a wealthy,

noble young fellow, followed her to her quiet home, where, after he had succeeded in convincing her that he cared nothing for her cousin, he soon won her fresh young heart, and in less than three months she presided with quiet grace over his princely mansion. Of course her cousin immediately became conscious of her many charms, and when speaking of her afterwards, always said—"my dear cousin Mary."

Now I was determined to show my friends that I was not ashamed of my country relatives, so, by way of giving cousin Uriah a handsome welcome, I made quite a select party, composed of the pleasantest and most intelligent of my friends the evening he was to arrive. I had among my guests several who ranked high in literary and musical circles, so that there was no danger of a dull evening. Herbert Stetson, an author who was noted and half-famed for his keen sarcasm and ready wit, and for whom I would have sacrificed my very life, was one of the first who arrived. I had never seen him look half so handsome, and as he took my hand in his small, neatly gloved one, and gave it a gentle pressure, looking down in my face all the while with an expression half of tenderness, half of admiration, my heart gave a great, glad throb, and my life seemed to have burst out all at once into the fairest and sweetest blossom.

He had asked and received permission to bring a friend with him, whom he now introduced as Clarence Carlton. I only gave him the passing glance and word that courtesy required, then turned to Mr. Stetson, and was soon regaling him with my remembrances of the summer I had spent in the country, and of my gratitude to and love for my cousin, Uriah Smith. He listened with polite attention to my rather poetical description, and expressed much eagerness to form the acquaintance of my boy hero.

The entrance of other guests terminated our conversation, but an occasional glance from his flashing eyes, filled with a loving light, sent the waves of happiness bounding in a tumultuous flood through my soul, and found vent through my lips in joyous words. Time passed pleasantly, and the hour for my cousin's arrival drew near. I was in a flutter of delight and expectation; I could scarcely wait for the carriage I had sent to the depot to return with him. I did not give more than a passing thought to what kind of an appearance he would make in my handsome parlors. I knew that if his coat should be threadbare,

or, worse than all, three seasons out of fashion, the great, truthful soul would be just the same, for I felt an honest pride in what I knew must be the sterling good qualities of my cousin Uriah.

The sound of carriage-wheels and heavy feet on the marble steps brought me into the hall; but before I had time to look around me, a great, strong pair of arms caught me up and gave me a hugging that left me breathless and bewildered, and a loud, coarse voice, greeted me with—

"By jing! Bessie herself, lookin' fine as a fiddle! I say, Bessie, you aint used to havin' much company, I reckon, seein' how you fix up jist for your own cousin? Why, the gals down our way wouldn't put on sich riggin' as this no way in the world, 'less they was goin' to git married, or some sich like. How d'ye do, any how? Haint seed you before since you was knee-high to a duck. Must be a goin' to have a beau, haint you?—got the house lit up so. I made sure it was on fire when I first seed it—must be dreadful expensive for uncle to keep it up!"

Before I had time to reply, or in fact to *think*, he walked, or rather stumbled into the parlor, half falling over an ottoman, and staring around him in hopeless bewilderment. Finally he came to a dead halt, leaned himself back against the wall, and indulged in a long, loud whistle.

"Well, if this don't beat all creation! I'd no idee Bessie had so many beaux. Jerusalem! but she must play smash among the fellers' hearts up here. Say, Bessie, who is that gal over there, dressed in that pink silk gown? Jerusalem! but she puts me in mind of mother's pink poppies in the garden!—she's as purty as a butterfly, and looks as sweet as shugar!"

"That is Miss McDonald," I said, trying in vain to look composed, as I saw the smiles that wreathed themselves on the lips of all present.

Without waiting for anything farther, he sauntered up to the young lady, his great, rough, red hands dangling awkwardly at his sides, his ungainly figure rendered still more hopelessly ridiculous by the short, flashy plaid pants, that revealed his enormously large feet, encased in the roughest of boots, red for want of blacking; his long, sandy hair, falling almost in his small eyes; his old white wool hat pulled down tightly over his head, and his short-tailed coat made still more conspicuous by the red cotton handkerchief that streamed out triumphantly from one of

the pockets. His vest was a mixture of yellow and red satin; a flashy watch-chain, that had the unmistakable appearance of brass, dangled from his side; yet, as he walked up to the young lady, his whole appearance was that of a man well pleased with himself and his dress, and who is conscious he is creating a sensation.

"How d'ye do?" he said, making a pause before Miss McDonald.

The young lady gave him a glance that would have literally frozen anyone else, but deigned no farther reply.

"Can't hear good, can you?" he shouted out so loudly that every one started, and several young ladies giggled frantically behind their fans and bouquets.

Still Miss McDonald sat cold and silent, and I came to her relief, not really knowing *what* to do, but feeling that something must be done immediately.

"Cousin Uriah, wouldn't you like to see mamma?" I said, in a low voice.

"Well, yes, don't keer if I do see the old woman. What's the reason she aint here with the balance of the folks? I'm afraid you don't treat her just right, Bessie. I've heered of some girls that keeps their mothers cookin' in the kitchen, while they are flirtin' 'round in the best room, but I allus thought Aunt Betsey was too spunky to let her children run over her in such a shameful way. I'd never marry a gal in the world that treated her old mother so—would you, stranger?"

He said this to Mr. Stetson, who happened to be standing near, and I felt the hot blood dye my whole face as I met his eyes. He made some polite but formal reply, and Uriah turned to some one else and commenced telling his adventures on the way to the city. A few minutes later, he was trying to trade watches with a gentleman who chanced to consult an elegant time-piece. The gentleman looked amused, but good-humoredly declined to trade. In vain I used every endeavor to get him up to mamma's room. He was going to stay a month, he said, and could see *her* at any time, but there was no telling when he would get into such good company again.

So down he sat, and tilted himself back till I expected every moment to see him turn over, his wretched old hat still on his head, and a chew of tobacco in his mouth. I did not venture to look towards Mr. Stetson again; he had engaged Uriah in a long conversation on the relative merits of city and country girls, and I knew without hearing it the sarcasm he

was showering on Uriah's luckless head. I felt angry with him for encouraging Uriah in his silly talk—I felt miserable and mortified generally. I could see that every one was making sport of him, and I really could not blame them, which only made the matter so much worse. I tried to remember all the good things I had ever known concerning my cousin—to forget that he was uneducated, and vain, and ridiculous—to remember only that he had saved my life, and that he was my cousin, and as such claimed my kindest attention and my affection.

At our elegant supper he acted even worse than before, displaying so much vulgarity and want of natural politeness, that my face glowed with blushes as I remembered that he was my cousin. He made comments on everything and everybody; talked about his hogs, the corn crops, how many eggs the chickens laid, how much milk the cows gave, the last log-rolling and quilting, and in fact made himself so noisy and conspicuous that every one else found it almost impossible to say a word.

As I looked around and saw the various expressions on the different faces, all showing contempt, scorn, haughtiness and amusement, I found it difficult to keep down the scalding tears, and my face burned like it was on fire. Mr. Carlton sat near me, and seemed to be watching me with deep interest. He spoke to me at last, his clear voice making a musical contrast to the discord of Uriah's.

"Your cousin seems full of life, Miss Barton."

"Yes, sir." I could not utter another word to save my life.

"I presume you are very glad to see him, as you have not met before since you were children, he tells me."

I felt like dashing something in his handsome face, he sat so calm and smiling, when I knew he could read the chagrin that pictured itself in my face.

"I should be; I owe my life to him," I said, simply.

He bowed and smiled in his peculiarly aggravating way. At this moment Mr. Stetson called out to me from where he sat—

"I did not imagine when you told me you had a cousin coming that he would be the cause of making me spend such a pleasant evening. Miss Bessie, I am delighted to form the acquaintance of such an original and intelligent man."

Oh, how I hated him then! I felt that the words conveyed an insult. I *knew* he only did

it to add to my discomfiture. All the pride I possessed came to my rescue.

"I am glad you are pleased, Mr. Stetson: I think there is much in your natural dispositions that is congenial."

He understood the sarcasm, and a slight flush spread over his face.

"You do me too much honor, Miss Bessie. I can never hope to rank myself congenial with such a lofty intellect—such a gracefully self-possessed man."

An unquestionable sneer accompanied his words.

I rose up and laid my hand on Uriah's shoulder—a feeling within me that he should not be ridiculed before my very face.

"Mr. Stetson, if you had the feeling that a real gentleman ought to possess, you would not take pleasure in injuring the feelings of others, no matter how far beneath you they were. I understand all the bitter sarcasm of your words, and scorn the principle that dictated them. Mr. Smith is my cousin, and as such, as long as he remains in this house shall be treated with decency if not with respect."

I broke down in a passionate flood of tears, and a dead silence fell over the table. Every one was frightened at what I had done, saving Uriah, who seemed perfectly unconscious that he was the subject of discussion. I expected Mr. Stetson would leave the house, but to my surprise he remained.

As the guests rose from the table, some one took my hand, and spoke to me in a low, musical voice.

"My dear little cousin Bessie, will you ever forgive me for teasing you in such a wicked manner?"

I looked up into the face of Clarence Carlton, and like a flash of lightning the remembrance of where and when I had seen him before passed over me. He was my cousin, Uriah Smith. I cried again, but this time, my tears were of relief and joy.

It was a long time before I could forgive him for the cruel trick he had played off on me—hiring one of the silliest boys he could find in the whole country to personate him, while he came as a strange guest to witness the effect of his plan. The boy had been instructed in the part he was to play, and did it so well that I never for a moment suspected him. Mr. Stetson was an old friend of my cousin's, and was of course in the secret, and together they had been enjoying my chagrin and grief.

Of course the news soon spread amongst my guests, and they all had a hearty laugh over it, myself excepted. I had been too much mortified to consider it a jesting matter, and it was a long time before my *genuine* cousin could make his peace with me, and a yet longer one, ere I granted Mr. Stetson a pardon for the provoking part he had enacted in the ridiculous farce. I *did* grant it though, as the reader will know, when I tell him that I am now Mrs. Bessie Stetson, and that to-morrow I am going out to see my dearest young lady friend married to my cousin, Uriah Smith.

The Story of Janet Strong.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

PART II.

"There is a lady in the carriage who is ill," said the driver, whom Janet confronted at the door.

And before the bewildered girl could answer, a sweet, pale face put itself out of the carriage window, and asked—

"Is mamma—is Mrs. Kenneth at home?"

"Oh, it's Miss Louise!" exclaimed Janet, remembering that Mrs. Kenneth's eldest daughter, whom she had never seen, was daily expected home from a lengthy absence with some friends in the country.

"Yes," smiled the young lady, faintly, leaning her head back against the cushions. "I am she. Wont you call the girls?"

Janet descended to the pavement.

"The young ladies are gone out with Mrs. Kenneth," she said; "but I can call Biddy."

"No. I prefer to get in quietly if I can, and the thought of Biddy's loud sympathies jars my nerves. I'll try to get in with the aid of your arm, driver; for it makes me dizzy to move. There are my travelling-bag and some bundles in the carriage. Wont you attend to them?" The young lady addressed these words to Janet, while she was slowly preparing to alight.

The driver assisted her into the house, and Janet following with the bundles, found her on the sofa, quite exhausted with the effort she had made. Janet's sympathies were keen; moreover, she felt drawn at once to this sweet-faced, pleasant-voiced young girl.

"Can't I help you, ma'am?" she said, coming forward with her eager, sympathetic face. "I'll do anything that's in my power."

Louise Kenneth raised her heavy eyes to the girl's face.

"Yes. I think you can. Just remove my bonnet and shawl, and help me up stairs, to my own room. If I can only lie down there, and get this dreadful motion and noise of the cars out of my head!"

Janet had what New Englanders call a "handy" way of doing things, a swift, light, executive touch, so soothing in a sick room, so grateful to throbbing temples.

Louise Kenneth discovered this, as she softly untied her bonnet, and unclasped her travelling cloak, and the sick girl went on talking, half to herself, half to Janet, her face paling and burning alternately.

"I suppose I was very injudicious to attempt such a journey alone; but I was disappointed in my promised company, and came the last hundred and fifty miles quite alone; and I began to grow ill almost as soon as my travelling companions left me. What a long, tedious night it was!"

"It must have been. Now, if you will only lean on me, I will help you up stairs carefully. Don't be afraid, ma'am. I'm very strong."

It was well for Janet that she was, for before they reached the stair-landing, Louise Kenneth was seized with such a sudden faintness and dizziness that she was compelled to lean her whole weight on Janet, or she must have fallen to the floor. At last, however, Janet got the sick girl to her bed, darkened the room, and cooled the burning forehead with cologne water. Once under the touch of those soft, magnetic fingers, Louise Kenneth opened her eyes, and looked at the young face bending over her.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Janet—Janet Strong. I have been living with your mother several months."

"I am very glad to find you here. You must stay with me, Janet, until I fall asleep. I shall wake well enough," with that sort of clinging, helpless feeling which comes with sickness, and soon after she sank into a slumber, restless and fitful.

Great was Mrs. Kenneth's surprise and solicitude when she learned, on her return home, of her daughter's sudden arrival and illness. But Louise Kenneth's prophesy did not fulfil itself when she awoke. She was with difficulty made to comprehend where she was, and heavy drowsiness and fierce excitements of fever alternated with each other. Of course the family was greatly alarmed, and the family physician, who was called at once, tended little to allay the fears of the mother and sisters.

The fever, he said, had set in vigorously,

and it would probably be several days before it attained its height. It was too late to arrest the disease now, and all that could be done was to give the patient absolute quiet and careful nursing.

The doctor's prediction was verified. For more than a week did Louise Kenneth lie in the grasp of that terrible fever which fired her pulses, and frenzied her brain. Her life was not in immediate peril, still there was room for terrible anxiety on the part of those who loved her. Mrs. Kenneth would not allow any one to occupy her post by the bedside of her suffering child, but the light feet and skilful hands of Janet were often called into requisition in the sick chamber. Perhaps it was best for her that she had something at this juncture to arouse her sympathies and occupy her time, but in that light certainly did not Robert Crandall regard it. I do not wish for a moment to imply that he did not feel some regret at his cousin's serious illness, but the annoyance and vexation which he experienced in the deprivation of Janet's society, certainly in a great measure absorbed all other emotions.

For this girl had become the central object of his thought. He remembered with a feeling of exultation which he had not the courage to analyze, that Janet was without friend, protector, or relative in the world who had the slightest claim on her, and he was resolved to place her in circumstances where their interviews should not be subjected to the slightest danger of espionage from any quarter.

That matters could not go on long in this way, the young man had sense enough to perceive, and a discovery of these surreptitious interviews might transpire any time, and involve him in most embarrassing explanations. The best plan was to get Janet away from his aunt's, and out of the city, and Robert Crandall devoted several days to the concoction of some method by which she could be induced to remove to the city where he was studying.

It would not do for her to go out to service. In case she did, his visits would at once subject both of them to remark and suspicion; but after dismissing various plans which suggested themselves, one entered his mind which he turned over on all sides, and then settled upon as presenting no serious objection, as had the others. In the city where the college was located, was a confectionery establishment much frequented by the students for its pleasant, cosy, attractive belongings. Betwixt Robert Crandall and the proprietor, an easy, off-hand acquaintance had for some time ex-

isted. This store employed two or three young girl-clerks, and Robert Crandall was certain that his influence could procure Janet a situation here.

"It will be doing her a great favor to get her in this store, for it's highly respectable, and it's a shame to have such a girl in my aunt's kitchen any longer;" trying to cheat himself even, by glossing over facts which he had not the moral courage to face with words like these. For Robert Crandall was young in years, and fresh in evil, and the better side of his nature still recoiled from confronting any deed of wrong; and thus far he laid no plans beyond getting Janet this situation in the store.

He wrote to the proprietor a letter which brought a prompt and favorable reply, with no suspicion on that individual's part that there was anything more than appeared in the matter, for Robert was careful to represent Janet as a friend of his in depressed circumstances, whom he was anxious to serve.

A vacancy, which Janet could supply as clerk and waitress, would present itself in a few days. And with his usual tact Robert Crandall approached the matter in his next walk with the girl, concentrating all his former suggestions and promises about exerting his influence to rescue her from her present position in the revelation which he now made.

He first aroused her curiosity and interest by remarking, in a tone pendulous betwixt significance and exultation, that his efforts had at last been crowned with success, and that he had secured Janet, his little sister, a position which he could see her occupying without feeling that she was shamefully out of the place for which nature designed her, as some rare moss rose would be among thistles and sunflowers; or a beautiful, sweet-voiced canary among owls and crows.

The foolish little heart throbbed with wonder, the pretty face flushed all over at the sweet flattery.

"Oh, where is this place—what is it?" eagerly asked Janet.

Robert Crandall was in no hurry to gratify her curiosity. He went on descanting upon the time, and care, and diplomacy it had cost him to obtain this situation, and representing all these as ten times greater than they really were.

"Oh, dear, how good you have been to me, Robert, my brother, my only friend!" and a fond, grateful glance stole up to him from the child's blue eyes filled with tears; a glance of perfect faith and trust.

Robert Crandall drew his breath hard. Somehow that look made him feel for the moment, that he was a villain. But he thrust the feeling with a plausible lie to his conscience—"I am not going to do this girl any harm. It is for her good certainly, to accept this situation."

And when he spoke again, he told Janet, who held her breath for interest, what and where the situation was, painting it in most attractive colors, and as being advantageous in all respects. Janet was half bewildered at this rose-colored portrait of her future; but her mind sought refuge in a practical fact.

"I've no doubt it would all be very beautiful, Robert, but I'm afraid I shouldn't suit. I never waited on a store in my life, and I don't even know how to weigh out sugar-plums."

"Oh, well, you dear little shrinking, frightened soul. I've no fears on that score. You'll learn soon enough, and give ample satisfaction, I'm confident; and then, only think, Janet, we shall be so near together, and I can have such a brotherly care over you, and I've promised myself so much pleasure in the nice walks we shall have together, with no need of concealment then; and there are so many delightful rambles about the old town to which I want to introduce you."

"Yes; that will be best of all," subjoined Janet, her fears vanishing before her companion's confidence in her abilities.

It is in the nature of woman to rise equal to the occasion, to prove herself all that is expected of her.

"And then, there is the salary. You haven't asked me about that, little Janet."

"I haven't thought of it, really, Robert—you were telling me so many good things."

"Well, this isn't the least of them. You are to have your board and two hundred a year."

The girl stood still with surprise. This was three times the amount Mrs. Kenneth paid her. She seemed suddenly to have come into the possession of a fortune; and glowing visions of beautiful dresses, and charming hats, floated through the child's imagination. Robert bent down his dark eyes to her face, and saw that surprise had quite deprived her of speech.

"You didn't expect so large a salary," he said. "In a year I expect you'll be able to earn thrice as much as that, but we must be content with small things at first. And now about the best time and method of your coming, for I must have all that settled before I return to college, which you know must be day after to-morrow."

"I shall tell Mrs. Kenneth that I am going. I think that she will be satisfied with a week's notice."

But Janet's proposition did not at all tally with Robert Crandall's plans. Like all people who are bent on accomplishing something they are ashamed of, the young Junior was extremely fearful that his secret would somehow get to the light. He believed that his aunt could not readily supply Janet's place, and would not relinquish her without reluctance; and she would be very likely to make embarrassing inquiries about Janet's future destination.

The girl was too honest, and too little used to intrigue or deception of any kind, to be a match for his aunt in a matter like the present; and if Mrs. Kenneth's curiosity or suspicions were aroused, her nephew knew very well it would be no easy thing to baffle her. He knew he could trust Janet to the death unless, getting an inkling of some wrong about to be done her youth and innocence, his relatives should work on her fears, or her conscience, and the whole should come out, and then what a denouement there would be.

He was brave enough in most things, this Robert Crandall, but he fairly shuddered at the thought of such an exposé of his conduct. He spoke a little more decidedly than he was aware of, under the influence of this feeling.

"No Janet, you must not contemplate for a moment, telling my aunt that you intend to leave her roof. She would be certain to suspect something, and annoy you with all manner of inquiries. You must get off without letting a soul know where you are going."

Janet looked at him, amazed, half appalled.

"What, run away, Robert, as though I was a thief! You don't mean I must do that?"

"Not as a thief certainly, my dear child," in a greatly modified tone. "But I want to save you from the trials to which I see you will inevitably be subjected if you do not take my advice in this matter. I have arranged it all perfectly for you. I have engaged a trusty man, who was formerly a gardener of my father's, to come for your trunk some night that we shall decide on. You must have it all ready, and he will convey you and it to the cars and see you safely on board. Of course you won't mind riding all night, and you will reach Mystic depot about nine o'clock in the morning, at which place I shall meet you, and we will take breakfast, and have a delightful ride of fifty miles together."

"That will be charming, Robert," responded the girlish voice. "And yet," with a little

timid appeal of tone and manner, "I should like to tell Mrs. Kenneth that I am going. It has a strange, wrong look to go off without saying a word, and I shall only explain that I am going to my friends, which is quite true, and as for their finding out any more—you know I can keep a secret, if I am a girl!"

She said this with a certain mingling of dignity and archness, which was quite bewitching in the eyes of Robert Crandall. He was too shrewd to attempt to argue the matter farther. He knew the side where the little heart was weakest.

"Well, Janet, then, if you will compel me to tell you all, I shall be saved a great deal of pains and trouble by your falling in with my plan. I have devoted so much time to arranging this matter, that I have not a moment left to devise any other, glad as I should be to please my little sister, or relieve her from any foolish scruples on her part. But she knows that I would not advise her to any wrong step, or one that circumstances did not fully justify, however things may seem. Janet, you trust me, your brother, in all things—will you fear to in this one?"

The manly, pleading voice—the tender, smiling eyes; they were irresistible. She believed in this man with all her soul. Poor Janet!

So it was settled at last that some day in the following week, Janet should have her trunk ready, and the gardener should call for it at the side door, which she always attended, and where his presence would excite no remark. On the same evening, Janet was to meet this man at the corner, who would accompany her to the cars, and meanwhile telegraph to Robert Crandall, so that he would be certain to meet her in Mystic.

The gardener was a good, honest-hearted fellow, Robert said, with whom he had been a favorite when a boy, and who only knew, in a general way, that the young student wished to get her a situation in a store, and that there were reasons for keeping the affair entirely secret for the present.

So, in a tumult of feelings, mostly glad ones, Janet parted with Robert Crandall; and his leave-taking was so regretful, and tender, and grave, that it could not but leave a deep impression on her susceptible nature. And at that moment there was not much acting on the part of Robert Crandall, for he really was fond of the girl, and it went sorely against him to part with her even for a week.

He walked home rapidly after he had watched

her disappear in Mrs. Kenneth's side door; and once some thoughts stirred him, which made him set his lips and his face darken desperately for a moment. But the next moment he laughed—a light, forced laugh, and muttered to himself—

"As if I was doing this child any wrong, or laying any plan to, by getting her a snug little berth at the confectioner's. It's a perfectly respectable place, and one to which the dear little innocent soul is just adapted, and I'm sure I've no reason so far to repent the favor I've done her, and I never intend to."

Now there was just truth enough in this reasoning to furnish a moral opiate to the conscience of Robert Crandall. He was neither good enough nor bad enough to meet the future—to look at its consequences fairly in the face; and if sent by warning angels, there came sometimes over him foreshadowings of bitter remorse, that might be remorse that must inevitably sting through all the years of his life, for wrong that could not be atoned for, he thrust them down with sophistries that only half cheated himself, for down deep in his own soul, Robert Crandall knew that in the hour that Janet Strong went out from his aunt's roof, trusting herself and her innocence into his hands, in that hour, she was *lost! lost!*

The week that followed was hardly a happy one to this poor, flurried, bewildered Janet of ours. She tried to believe it was. She reasoned herself over and over again, into the belief that she was doing just what was right and best under the circumstances, and each time was satisfied that she had convinced herself beyond the possibility of doubting again that this surreptitious departure from Mrs. Kenneth's was perfectly justifiable under the circumstances. But, before she knew it, she was fluctuating again; again she would find herself among the old doubts and fears; the moral instincts of this girl would assert themselves, the old, blessed, mother-influence would make itself felt. Some vague foreboding still hovered over her, some fear, some doubt that she could not have concentrated in words, some intuition that she was not doing a fair and honorable thing to run away from her home in this fashion. She tried to put away all such haunting thoughts and fears by dwelling on the future, on the new, charmed life that awaited her, on all its pleasures and independence, and best of all, on the constant society of her only friend, her handsome, noble brother Robert Crandall.

What plans she laid of self-improvement in all directions, so that he should never be ashamed of her; she would make a lady of herself for his sake, and Janet, though now disposed to set a much higher value on her gifts of mind and person than formerly, did not suspect quite how far nature had assisted her in these aspirations. Then she would chide herself as wicked and ungrateful towards the friend who had taken all this pains and care for her sake, not to be willing to be guided by his wishes and better judgment in this matter as in all others.

Oh, my reader, I charge you that you feel no contempt, only pity, all embracing for this girl, lonely, friendless, orphaned, over which just now it seemed that angels might almost weep and fiends exult. Well for it for you, if in her strait your wisdom were greater, your motives purer. For no suspicion of Robert Crandall's truth, fidelity, brotherly devotedness ever crossed the thoughts of Janet Strong. To her he was the incarnation of all nobleness, tenderness, honor—of all those great and gentle qualities which go to fashion a young girl's dream of manhood. And if away back in her soul was any latent instinct of doubt or fear which judicious counsel might have developed, she was now wholly unconscious of it.

Still, just at this time she did hunger more than ever for some friend into whose ear she might pour her whole story—it seemed as though the telling it would relieve that sort of uncertain pain, which carrying such a heavy secret sometimes made at her heart. If her mother was only living now! and then Janet's thoughts would go back to the sorrowful, loving face, and she would wonder what she would have said to all this, whether she would just have approved of this secret departure—the mother who taught her young daughter that a lie was sin, and who sowed her seed away off in the dawn of her child's life, not knowing whether amid the rains and the sunshine it would take root; yet, oh dead mother, from afar off thy still small voice still speaketh in thy child's soul.

Robert Crandall in the meanwhile was impatient for Janet's arrival; he could not feel at ease while she was under his aunt's roof, and his letters urged her to appoint the day that she would come to him; besides, he affirmed the proprietor of the store to whom she was engaged needed her services at once, and then followed an allusion to somebody else who needed her society more than all the rest,

and who would not be content until he had his little protégé under his own sole care and protection.

Precious fact, put in most graceful, flattering words; and in a flutter of pleasure, and gratitude, and affection, Janet sat down, and with infinite pains wrote her first letter, and although the handwriting betrayed a certain stiffness, still on the whole it would not have done discredit to any schoolgirl of her age, and Janet appointed the day that she would come, and afterwards she set her face steadily against all misgivings. It was too late to be troubled now, she told herself, and set to work to packing her trunk.

In the meanwhile Louise Kenneth was recovering from her illness, and able now to sit up for an hour or two in her chair. The young lady had taken a fancy to Janet, who had been with her much of her illness, and made herself so useful and grateful to the invalid that she had several times received the commendations of Mrs. Kenneth.

Louise had a finer, broader nature than her mother. Her sympathies took a wider range—her character was nobler, richer, fuller of warmth and impulse. Then she had been for the last six months in a finer, more healthy atmosphere than that of her own home. The aunt after whom she was named was of different grain from Mrs. Kenneth. Nobler motives, and deeper flowing sympathies awayed her life. She worshipped neither respectability, position, nor any other of the gods of this world. Her home and personal influence had reached the best part of her niece's character. Louise had cleared her way out from a good many social illusions; her moral horizon had broadened; her aunt said the truth of Louise when she affirmed that she would be a sweet and noble woman. And one day it happened that this girl sat in her great easy chair, her pale, sweet face resting among the cushions, and her idle fingers playing with the tassels of her rose-colored dressing-gown, while she watched Janet arranging the glasses and vases on her dressing cabinet. It happened that the two girls were quite alone. Louise was in that softened, sympathetic mood, which convalescence brings to most natures, especially to one like hers. And as she dreamily watched Janet, the pretty face, the girlish figure, the swift, light movements, some new feeling of interest and pity came over the other's heart, which at last cleared itself into words—

"Janet, you have been a great comfort to me, ever since I have been ill."

Janet turned at the soft voice, with a touched, pleased look.

"I am very glad to hear it, Miss Louise. I hardly supposed I should ever be that to anybody here."

The girl did not know it, but a little pathos crept into the last part of her speech, and there was a certain dignity in it too. Janet had not been so intimate all these weeks with a man of Robert Crandall's cultivation without a certain growth of speech and manner. Both of these struck Louise; and her next remark, although in some sense a general one, was made with the purpose of drawing out Janet.

"I suppose we all have feelings of despondency and uselessness sometimes when we are lonely or oppressed, but you see, as in your case, they are often untrue."

"I'm glad to know that; and yet those who have friends to love and care for them, I should think would never have those moments of which you spoke."

"But, Janet, you don't mean to say you have nobody to love and care for you?"

Janet thought of Robert Crandall and drew a long breath, still there was a sigh in her voice and face, as she answered—

"I haven't a relative in the world, as I know of, Miss Louise."

The heart of Louise Kenneth was stirred for pity.

"No father nor mother, no brother nor sister, Janet?"

"Not one. They are all dead," softly and sorrowfully answered the girl.

Louise Kenneth looked at her, standing there in her youth, and loneliness, and beauty, and thought how all these might be a snare to her. She thought too, with a kind of shudder, of the cold, hard, desolate life that Janet must lead, and a great longing came over her to be of some service to the lonely orphan—to say some words of comfort, sympathy, warning, that she would always remember.

She forgot what her mother never could, that Janet was a servant, and met her on the common ground of their womanhood.

"Janet," she said, "come here, do, and sit down on this cricket, and tell me the story of your life. I want to know all about it, because I am your friend."

The sweet words unlocked Janet's heart, and she went and sat down and told her plaintive little story, sometimes broken for tears, of her childhood, of her mother's girlhood, of the long years in the factory, until she came to Mrs. Kenneth's, and here Janet stopped

abruptly. She could not speak of that one flower which had blossomed and brightened with color and fragrance the barren spaces of her life.

But her listener's intuition supplied much that the girl left unsaid. She knew that Janet must have a dreary, starved sort of life under her mother's roof, so far removed in character and sympathy from the servants, so far in position and circumstances from their mistresses. How she longed to speak to this girl some good, true words, that might avail for right in some great temptation and crisis of her life, and in that moment of pity and yearning, Louise Kenneth half involuntarily put out her hands and stroked the girl's hair, and it seemed to Janet that her mother's hand was there again.

"I understand, Janet, all that is sad and lonely in your life, in your position here, and I am sorry for you from my heart. But for all this don't get discouraged, my child. There may be a life of much usefulness and happiness before you." Janet smiled softly now, for she thought of Robert Crandall. "And," continued Louise, "of one thing be certain, that you always respect yourself, that you never do any wrong hasty act, that even bitter repentance can in this world wholly atone for. The more lonely you are, the more apparently neglected and forgotten, the more reason that you should set higher value on yourself, and weigh more carefully all of your own actions."

Was some angel standing by and prompting the words of Louise Kenneth at that moment? Janet leaned towards her, her face flushed with interest, eagerness, and much which lay beyond all the speaker could fathom, as the girl seemed to drink in every word.

"And," continued Louise, drawn on by the girl's looks to say more than she at first intended, "you will know sometime, if you do not already, that you are pretty beyond what most women are, and men will be likely to tell you of this, and seek you and flatter you because of it. And herein may lie your greatest danger. I warn you—I, your friend, only a few years your senior, beseech of you to trust no man's promises, though he talk like an angel, if he attempt to persuade you into any act which your highest, truest judgment shall not approve. Do not be won by plausible talk or by appeals to your affection into anything that is not open, and candid, and true, anything that you would be ashamed that others should know. When a man urges you to any course of conduct which involves secrecy and

deception, be sure that some evil lies at the bottom of it."

Janet listened with parted lips, and face that grew ashy pale, she covered it with her hands and trembled from head to foot.

"What is the matter?" asked Louise Kenneth, a faint suspicion of something wrong seizing her; but Janet's first stammered words diverted the suspicion.

"It is so hard—I have no friend to tell me what is right. Why haven't I, just like you, a mother to love and care for me, and a happy home? What is the reason that I must be all alone and desolate in the world?" She spoke with a kind of fierce vehemence, as though her life had been defrauded of its rights, and her soul at last roused itself to utter its protest against the wrong.

And Louise Kenneth entered into Janet's feeling at that moment, and all the wealth, and care, and tenderness, which had been about her life seemed for the moment to rebuke her.

"Janet," she said, almost humbly, "I cannot understand it any more than you do. I think you deserve wealth and love, and all the pleasant things of this life, just as much as I, or my sisters. But perhaps your life will be as happy and as useful as ours, and it may be that the question which it is so hard to solve now will be answered, and we shall know what these differences in human lots mean. They have puzzled wiser heads than ours. But God does not regard them however man may."

Janet looked at Louise Kenneth, and the sweet, pale face stood unconsciously that probing gaze which went down into her soul and searched amidst it. A sudden impulse seized Janet to confide to this girl all the story of her acquaintance with her cousin. She should not be afraid nor ashamed with her. She would hold nothing back.

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"I hope I haven't interrupted a tête à tête," she said, which was a wonderful condescension on the part of Mrs. Kenneth, as the remark was addressed as much to Janet as to her own daughter.

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BY L. M. C.

Oh, heavily the hours move on
With solemn footstep, sad and slow;
The moments falter, one by one,
As weary with their weight of woe.

For weeping memory fondly clings
To phantoms of the happy past,
And over Hope's young, timid wings
Ashes and sackcloth have been cast.

The stars shine darkly o'er me now—
The night-bird screams—the hoarse winds moan;
But 'tis not this that glooms my brow,
It is, that I am left alone.

Alone, where once no cloud or storm
Could dim the brightness of my sky,
Because a little angel-form
And angel-heart were ever nigh.

Yet 'tis not meet that I should mourn
And drown my life in fruitless tears—
That from the light mine eyes should turn
To the dark, desolate coming years;

Nor must my listless hands be still,
That once such precious task employed,
Duty the empty arms can fill—
Can almost fill this lonely void.

From the sweet world where angels meet
I would not call my angel back,
But how shall I with worthy feet
E'er follow in his shining track?

Hark! Through the waves of Doubt, I hear
The voice of an undying Friend,
It whispers soft, "Dispel thy fear!
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O voice of pity from above,
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Oh, point me to that sinless land
Where my beloved and lost have flown!
Guide me to that immortal strand
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Maternal Afflictions.

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"I know that nobody else in this world has such trials as I do. Job himself would have given up long ago!"

You would scarcely have credited this energetic assertion, my reader, if you could have seen the plump little lady that uttered it. Scarcely twenty-four summers had scattered their rose-leaves in the pathway of Jessie Watson, and her golden brown tresses swayed as lightly in the breeze, and the warm rose-tint played over her round cheeks as sweetly, as if no thought of care and trouble had ever infested her brain. Indeed, no one would have taken her for the martyr she fancied herself, as she sank down into the luxurious depths of a purple velvet lounging chair, and clasped her fair little hands so despairingly, and veiled the merriest of hazel eyes under their long fringes with a doleful assumption of woe. Yet there she sat in the very attitude of despair, tapping the pannies on the carpet pattern with her tiny slippered foot, compressing her red lips into a pout, and really believing that she was the most wretched mortal in existence. Poor Jessie! I could not appreciate her misery, and perhaps she suspected it, for she said—

"Oh, of course, you don't believe a word of it, Anna Morse; but just wait till you are married and have had two children, and you will find out that you never knew anything about trouble. If girls only knew when they were well off, they wouldn't think it was so beautiful to get married. I do really believe that child will wear me to death!"

And what dreadful misfortune had fallen upon this beautiful young head to fill it with such discouragement and misanthropy? I will tell you. I was sitting by the low window, with my sewing, when I heard Jessie's step on the door-stone, and an impatient exclamation—

"Oh, that Willie! He will be the death of me! Anna, do look at that child. There! come here this minute, you provoking little mischief. Come right along! I'll see if I can't break you of such tricks, you naughty, wicked child!"

From the nursery came the ominous sound of quick, passionate blows, and the sobbing of a child, little Willie. The mother's words were loud and high. Then she came out from the little room, bidding the young culprit stay there until she called him, and threw herself into the lounging chair as I told you, in a flushed state of nervous derangement.

"Some people think children the greatest earthly blessing, Jessie," I said, with more calmness than I felt.

"Not if they have such children as that Willie. I used to think so before Josie died; he was so quiet and gentle; he would wear his clothes a week, and then they would look cleaner than Willie's do in half an hour; and he loved his books so well. If Willie were only like him."

I could not look at the subject in the same light that Jessie did, so I did not try to alleviate her suffering by words of sympathy.

"Only think, Anna," she continued, "how I dressed that child up this morning with clothes right out of the drawer, and just look at him now."

As he was shut up in the nursery, I could not comply with her request, but I brought to mind the appearance of the young rebel as I had seen him in the morning, a chubby little fellow about five years old, with dark, full eyes, so heavily fringed that they had a roguish look; round, brown cheeks, which the warm blood tinged with tempting richness; a small, pursed mouth, and rounded limbs full of warm life and restlessness, just the miniature of Jessie's self, and just as impulsive—how could he help following the suggestions of his active brain? I remembered that Jessie had expected her sister down, and that morning she dressed Willie in a light gingham jacket, white trousers and clean white stockings, and when he teased to go out of doors a little while, she told him that he "might go and walk round the yard, if he wouldn't sit down on the ground, nor throw stones into the mud-puddle, because his clothes were all nice and clean, and Aunt Mary was coming to bring Eddie."

He obeyed the letter of this law maternal very strictly, with but little regard to the spirit of the injunction, for he took off his shoes and stockings and waded into the duck-pond, much to the delight of his web-footed companions and his own infinite gratification. What to him were nice white trousers and embroidered jackets, one hour of such aquatic sports was worth a dozen suits, and a whipping into the bargain! Of course his mother could not appreciate this, because she did not care to indulge in precisely this sort of amusement herself; so it was very natural that she should think Willie a naughty, obstinate boy to disobey her, when he was sure to be punished for it. But he was nothing of the kind. He was much like some children of a larger growth, to whom the pleasures of sense are so alluring, that all the terrors of the future punishment cannot induce them to keep the straight and narrow way. Willie

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was even less to be blamed than those, for he was not yet discriminating enough to discern the fine moral lesson of disobedience. To be whipped, or not to be whipped; that was the question. Whether to forego the pleasure of the present moment in fear of the far-off, future penalty, or to be merry while he may. It was a right stoical philosophy after all; who could blame him?

How else could he expend all that active vitality, while the busy brain was teeming with new inventions for amusement, which his mother called mischief, but which was in reality embryo talent, or genius, which a careful hand might cultivate to the highest grade of business capacity, but which neglected would become rank, noisome weeds.

Little Josie. He was Jessie's first-born, and his memory was a sweet household treasure, for the white June roses had blossomed twice above his grave. He was very unlike Willie. Oh, yes; very. He learned to read when he was three years old—Willie did not know his letters—and would ask such strange questions about God and heaven, that we all felt he was more akin to the angels than to us. He never cared to go out of doors, and always walked quietly by his mother's side when they were out together, talking of the flowers, and birds, and clouds, but never desiring to play with the dogs or calves as Willie did.

Willie was "of the earth, earthy;" Josie, "the porcelain of human clay." Alas, that rare vases should be so easily broken! Our child-angel was very winning and lovely, and we almost forgot the transparent fairness of his sweet face, and the fragile delicacy of his slender frame, when we looked into the warm and loving depths of his dark eyes. "Death loves a shining mark," and so he took Josie.

I felt very sad at this reminiscence, and pondered thoughtfully over Jessie's regretful words, "If Willie were only like him."

Rash, thoughtless mother! to wish that another child should bear such marks of early dissolution.

On the next evening, Jessie and I went to ride on the beach, in her light chaise. The balmy freshness of the air and the softening shadows charmed away all traces of passion, and the harmony of nature spread an unconscious charm over our souls. Then I talked with Jessie about her children—one in heaven and one asleep in all the warm vigor of health and strength in the little crib, whose brown, velvet cheek we had both bent to kiss before we came away from home.

"Willie is a sweet child, to be sure; but he is so stubborn and naughty sometimes, Anna, that I really cannot keep my temper," pleaded Jessie.

"And if you, arrived at years of wisdom and discretion, with a careful, Christian education, cannot govern your perverse impulses, how can you expect it of your child, who inherits all your temperament without the knowledge of right and wrong?"

"But why was Josie so good and obedient? He was my own child too."

"He lacked the vitality and nervous energy of Willie; he was sadly deficient in physical endowments, and possessed of a brain far too large and active for his fragile constitution. Don't you remember how precocious he was in comprehending difficult questions in moral science, and how eagerly his infant mind stretched out after knowledge, like the rank and unnatural growth of plants in a cellar or hot-house! It was not genius nor talent, Jessie, but a morbid development of the mind, to the utter exhaustion and destruction of the physical powers. How thankful you should be that Willie possesses a symmetrical organization, with such a rich promise of a strong and well developed life. Impulsive, it is true, but a mother's hand is to guide and lead these wayward impulses into right paths, not to attempt to annihilate them; for it is just as impossible to quench such fires, as to learn the rose to blossom without its fragrance, or the lark to live without its song. So you can no more teach Willie to be like Josie, than you can teach the mountain stag the tameness of the lamb."

"Oh, Anna, Anna! Don't say any more. I knew I was wrong; but I tried to think that his wilful disobedience was sufficient excuse for my outbreaks of temper. I am so thoughtless, Anna."

"You will excuse me for being so plain with you, Jessie?"

"Excuse you; I thank you from the bottom of my heart, dearest Anna. I only wonder how you, who never have had any children, can be so wise on the subject."

"Perhaps it is because I never have had children that I have had more time and opportunity to judge impartially, having no mother-perplexities to warp my mind. No doubt I am more exacting with regard to a mother's duties than I should be if I had her trials to bear."

"But Willie is so disobedient, Anna, of course I must not allow that."

"Certainly not, wilful disobedience; but do not place too strong restrictions upon him, so as to make the temptation to disobedience too strong. It would be a species of persecution to dress such a child in white trousers, and compel him to stay in doors all day to keep them clean, when every instinct of his impatient nature yearns for the freedom of the open air, and sports that will give healthful exercise to his active limbs. If there were no injunction against his natural propensity for out of door sports and dirt, there would be no disobedience. Josie had no desire for such pastime, so it was no merit in him that he was not rude and noisy."

"Yes, Anna; I see it all now, and I am so grateful to you. You know I am just like Willie myself, and so I don't stop to think whether I am right or wrong."

We had reached home, and the young mother went into the nursery to the little crib, and I saw her no more that night; but next morning Willie made his appearance in the yard dressed in brown frock and trousers, without any stockings, and came to the window to tell me, very exultantly—

"Mamma says I may make dirt pies all day, Aunt Nanna! Now what do you think of that?"

I thought that Jessie had learned wisdom; but I only told him that I shouldn't care about eating his dirt pies.

PORTLAND, July, 1863.

From a volume entitled "*Linwood Stories*," to be issued shortly, we have been furnished with the following sketch. Few mothers can read it without taking to heart the lesson it is meant to convey. The volume is from the pen of a lady of Massachusetts.

The Mother's Dream.

"Oh, baby, why don't you go to sleep? It is too hard, I do say, that I cannot get any rest; up and down all night, when I've taken care of him all day. Other babies sleep all night—I don't see why he doesn't—it's just a notion, waking up so."

Thus fretting, the mother caught up the child quickly, and tried to get him to sleep by very energetic trotting. He only cried harder, of course. She walked with him, rocked him; but her impatience had so far mastered her better feelings, that for want of her usual gentleness and tenderness all her efforts failed. At length the pitiful wailing of the babe touched her heart; and after ten minutes of patient soothing, she laid him in bed, sleeping sweetly. But she could not rest—conscience was too busy.

Florence Merton really loved her babe, and tended him carefully. But she was not well, and she was *very tired*. Her husband had been absent from home nearly a week, and consequently the whole care of the babe at night devolved upon her. He was a delicate and extremely nervous child; therefore restless at any time; and just then the irritation caused by his teeth was far more severe than his mother supposed.

After an hour had passed in vain efforts to sleep, she fell into an uneasy slumber. Images of her babe, sick and suffering, startled her repeatedly; and when at length she slept less lightly, her thoughts only took a more definite form.

She thought she had just been awakened by the babe's crying. As she was about to rise wearily, a low, gentle, but saddened voice said, "Take thy rest, mother! I will nurse thy babe, in a better land than this. In our heavenly home we feel no weariness."

A female form of exquisite beauty stood before her. The stranger's eyes, full of unspeakable tenderness, rested on the babe. She gathered her

robe, white as the falling snow, around her, as if to depart, and reached her arms to take the child to her bosom. The mother seemed to herself spell-bound. She could not speak, though a wild anguish was welling from her heart! The bright one folded the babe to her breast; and he leaned his little head upon her, and smiled lovingly in her face. Then, still clinging to the angel, he smiled upon his mother, as if in farewell. Her agony burst forth—

"Give me back my babe, bright spirit!" she cried. "Only give him to me—I will never complain again. I will nurse him, day and night, without a murmur. I cannot, cannot live without him."

Slowly, sadly, the angel spoke—

"It is not for me to say. I pity thee most deeply, fond mother! But the word has gone forth, and it is only mine to obey."

Breathless, trembling in every limb, Florence awoke! Her babe slept by her side. The night-taper had burned low, and the gray dawn was just appearing. She arose and threw herself on her knees beside the bed. Fervently did she pray that morning, for forgiveness and strength. And as an incense fire, ascended her spirit's grateful love!

In after-time, friends wondered at her patience with her children. Florence smiled quietly, sometimes, and said nothing. But to other mothers she told the story of her murmuring, and the lesson she received.

If You Please.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

"She never said '*If you please*,' once," said an indignant five-year-old. "She'd say, James, put some wood in that stove; or, James, carry these chips into the parlor fire—she never said *if you please*, once to me."

Now James Clifton had been accustomed to be called Jamie, or Sonny, and he wasn't going to be put off with plain matter-of-fact *James*. It was adding insult to the previous slight. No wonder that the new girl and he quarreled. Mother had been gone East on a visit, and the morning after her return he retailed his list of grievances in her own room.

"Did Madge whip you, my son?" said the mother.

"Oh, no, she didn't do that; but then she said she wouldn't give me anything to eat if I didn't do what she bid me. One day I wouldn't put the pigs out of the yard, and she gave me nothing but two doughnuts and a bit of bread and butter for dinner, and she didn't say, '*If you please*, put out the pigs,' neither."

Ay, there was the rub. Mrs. Clifton's oldest daughter, Emily, was a very nice little girl. People said she was a natural little lady; but the truth was the mother had taken a great deal of pains in

bringing her up. It was her theory that if you brought up the first child right, all the rest would follow after. Emily initiated "If you please" and "Thank you," among the children, and it was *un-*etiquette to make any request without the one, or receive any favor without the other. Even little two-year-old Harry would say—"Av you pees, div me some water," or some shooder, or whatever else he might want, and "Tank you," was seldom forgotten when his wants were gratified.

Now I like to have my children go with the young Cliftons, because they'll learn some of this natural politeness. One polite, well-bred, well-brought-up family of children, is a boon from Heaven amongst a neighborhood of children. It becomes *fashionable* to be gentle and kind, and half the home-teaching does, if children have nice associates. True, like produces like, and the father and mother must look well to themselves, if they want the children right. I've been almost frightened to see the little peculiarities of either parent reproduced in the offspring just as much as the features were.

Sam Slick's mother used to say to him—"Sam, you take after me." Ay, and who would he be more likely to take after? With the mother in

great part must the question rest whether the children are polite or not. She has a world of trouble before her ere she wins the goal, and whether she fails or not, it is at least worth trying. I can imagine no greater annoyance for a father, than after the business of the day, to come home to a roomful of ungoverned, ill-trained children. He, too, has something to do himself in saying whether it shall be fashionable in his household to be polite or not. It would be a dreadful stumbling-block in the way if his example was adverse to the mother's precepts; and besides, father is looked up to; whatever papa says is right; whatever papa does is right. Let papa then not think it beneath him to use now and then the humble heading of our chapter—"If you please." That sullen little boy, who dislikes to go on errands, or do "chores" when ordered, will jump with alacrity when requested—"If you please." Indeed, it's want of politeness that causes half the quarrels, and sulks, and family jars in the world. What neighbor could refuse another a favor—what brother a sister—what husband a wife, if the request was prefaced with a hearty, good-natured, happy-toned "If you please?"

MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Lost Pocket-Book.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Of a certainty it seemed to me that morning that Hope and I had shaken hands forever.

Looking at that time as I do now, over years which have brought me wisdom and experience, I still feel that I was in too sad case to smile over it now. A few words will strike out the leading feature of my situation. I was a boy, just fifteen years old, orphaned of father and mother. I was without near kindred in the world, saving Susan, my little sister, more than two years my junior.

Since the death of my parents, which, following closely one on the other, transpired about my thirteenth birthday, I had held a situation betwixt under-clerk and errand-boy, in a large mercantile warehouse.

I can say with sincerity that I had been diligent and faithful, constantly stimulated by the hope of advancement and an increase of salary, which would enable me to assist my little sister, whom I loved better than anything on earth, and who now made a cold home with distant kindred, neither gentle nor generous, who, having reluctantly received the orphan into their family from some stingy sense of duty which their conscience would not utterly dis-

allow, resolved that that should be as little care or expense to them as possible.

They were not deliberately cruel to the orphan to whom they gave unwilling shelter, but her life was starved of all tenderness, her daily tasks certainly went beyond her young, fragile powers, and body, soul, heart, were all defrauded of their rights to life and gladness in the only home that opened to the pet and darling of our household, my little sister, Susan Loring.

And surely the sharpest pang which I experienced that morning was the thought of her—all the comforting, courageous letters I had written—all the consolations—all the pretty promises I had made of taking her away in a little while—just so soon as my salary was raised, were all over now. I could not say again—"Take heart, little sister! before long we shall be together once more." That was all done *now*, for this very morning I had been dismissed from my situation in the warehouse—not from any fault of mine, my employers had distinctly assured me, but a nephew of one of them, older and stronger than I, was to succeed me, and so the blow fell, and all my young hopes with it.

What could I do? On all sides the darkness seemed to settle thick about me. Friend nor kindred had I to lend me a helping hand in that

season of extremest trial, and as I bowed my head on the table in the small room of my boarding-house, the only course which suggested itself to me was to run away and go to sea.

In my case it was hardly "running away," however, for there was no human being who would place the smallest obstacle in the way of my departure. But no vision of the wide, blue sea—of the fair foreign countries I should visit—of marvellous scenes and stirring adventures, kindled my boyish enthusiasm as the thought of this new, strange life, suggested itself to me. I only remembered one little lonely heart that would ache—one small, sweet, pleading face, drowned in tears over my departure.

"Poor little lonely Susie!" I said—"I could bear it if it were not for you."

At last, I put on my cap, and in a kind of desperation hurried down to the wharf of the lazy old seaport town, where a new life seemed to concentrate around the great vessels that were always coming and going, and filling the air with their sounds of bustle—of lading and unlading.

As I approached a company of sailors, who were busy rolling great boxes and barrels on the deck of a large vessel that was to sail in a day or two for the East Indies, a handsome carriage drove slowly past me, and stopped before one of the great warehouses which lined the wharf. I saw a gentleman alight, turn a moment to address a lady inside, thrust his hand in his pocket, take out a large book, open this, evidently offer the inmate of the carriage a portion of the contents, reclass the pocket-book, pause a moment to see the driver spring to his seat, and the carriage drive on before he turned towards the warehouse.

And in that pause the gentleman fancied he had restored his pocket-book to its place, but he was mistaken; it had not dropped into his pocket, as he supposed, but to the ground. I marked it fall; I saw it lying there, and sprang forwards to take it and return it to the owner; but when I looked around, he had disappeared, and so had the carriage.

Little children, at that moment, when I found myself alone, with the great pocket-book in my hand, the devil entered into my heart. It was but a minute's work to enter the great building, inquire for the gentleman, and restore what he had lost; but this thing I did not do. I hesitated, and wavered, and looked wistfully at the pocket-book.

"There's a great deal of money in there I've no doubt," went my thoughts. "Oh, if it were only yours!—yours and Susie's." And so I tampered with temptation.

For I walked away from the warehouse with the pocket-book in my hands—walked slowly, slowly, thinking every moment I would return—feeling a new, secret, guilty feeling in my heart, and yet a strange desire taking possession of me to see the contents of the pocket-book.

So I went home—for I must tell all the sin of that time, holding nothing back. I locked myself in my own room; I unclasped the pocket-book with a heart that beat and fingers that shook, and the great rolls of bank notes tumbled out on the table, beside a handful of loose silver, and some unendorsed checks. I counted the notes over; there were five hundred of them. What a marvellous amount it seemed to me! How I wished they were mine. How I thought of all the comfort and happiness they would buy for Susie—all the rest and pleasure for me; and I bent greedily over the pile of notes, and my thoughts wandered away in visions of what I would do if they were mine—only mine.

"But they are *not* yours. You'll be a thief if you keep one cent of all that money. You're an honest boy; get right up and carry that pocket-book back to its rightful owner," said a voice in my heart.

"Ah, but think of yourself—think of Susie!" followed another voice. "How rich and happy you and she would be with it; and finding money is a very different thing from 'stealing it.'"

Dear children, I am telling the truth. All that day I went about with that money in my hands—all day carrying in my heart that restless, guilty, wretched feeling, which was a burden to me that to this day makes me shudder to remember. I could not look in a human face. I shrank from encountering a voice. The sin and the shame was on my soul.

And at last the night came, and the face of the earth was covered up. But it seemed to me the very stars knew my guilt, and looked down sad and stern on me; and that night I could not kneel down as I had done through all my life, and pray my evening prayer. The night, like the day, was restless and wretched. I had placed the pocket-book under my pillow, and every little while I would start from my troubled sleep and feel of it, while a cold shudder would creep all over me.

"Nobody knows I've got it," I murmured to myself; and then all alone in the darkness and silence there came back to me those words, among the last that I heard my mother speak on her dying bed—"If you are ever tempted to do evil, Robert, remember always, and carry the thought through your life, that *God sees you*!"

Blessed words, dropped from my mother's dying lips, and taking root in her boy's soul.

All that night, when I woke from my fitful sleep, the words would ever return to me; I could not put them away with thoughts of Susie's delight at the new dress and shoes I had dreamed of sending her, and just as the dawn began to spread over the east its faint gray film, I said to myself—

"I will not keep this money another day, God helping me." And the weight and the dread rolled away from my heart, and I fell into a deep slumber.

It was late in the morning when I awoke. The

resolve of the night did not fail me. I was no longer afraid to kneel down and bless God that He had delivered me from this temptation.

As soon as breakfast was over, I started for the warehouse, and inquired for Mr. Henry Gordon, as this was the name on the pocket-book, and was directed to the hotel where he was stopping.

There I found the gentleman, and with a few words restored him his lost pocket-book. He was a gentleman a little past the prime of life, with a pleasant countenance, and gray, piercing eyes, that searched my face keenly as he offered me a chair and then proceeded to examine his pocket-book.

"It is all right," he said, looking up in a few moments. You read the advertisement, I presume, in last night's paper?"

"No sir; I know nothing about any."

"What! not heard of the reward I offered to the finder of this?" glancing again at his pocket-book.

"I knew nothing about it, sir."

The gentleman was still a moment, with his keen eyes searching my face; and then he drew a little nearer, saying in a kindly voice—

"But you tell me, my boy, that you saw me when I dropped the book yesterday, at the warehouse. Why did you wait all this time, instead of restoring it to me at once?"

This was a question for which I was totally unprepared. It had never occurred to me how natural a one it would be. I stammered some incoherent answer, confused and agitated. The strange gentleman drew me and laid his hand on my hair—

"My boy," he said, in his winning voice, "you need not be afraid to tell me—to trust me. Let me know all."

That voice drew me out of myself. I cannot tell how it was, but in a little while I was telling the gentleman the whole story of my lost situation—of

my lonely little sister—of the despair which had taken possession of me, and how I had at last resolved to go to sea, and on my way to the wharf had encountered the carriage, and all that followed my finding the pocket-book—the day and night of struggle and temptation.

When I paused, the gentleman took a turn or two across the room in silence. Then he came and stood still before me, with a look on his face which dispelled all fear from my heart—

"I offered a reward of fifty dollars to any person who should restore my pocket-book, and as you have done it, the money is yours," he said.

Fifty dollars! I was fairly bewildered with surprise and joy.

"Oh, how much it will do for me and Susie!" I exclaimed.

"And," continued the gentleman, "I will see your former employers, and if they give you the right sort of character—and your face endorses one—you shall have a situation as clerk in the house where I am partner; I think we will do as well by you as anybody else."

I tried to thank my new friend, but the tears came instead, and I felt God had done by me—how much better than I deserved!

A few words more, and my story is done. I entered the house of my new master and friend, its bluntest clerk; I am now, a quarter of a century later, one of its partners.

I was soon enabled to remove my sister from her unsympathetic relatives, and before long I placed her at school. She grew up an intelligent, refined, most lovely woman, in the best sense, and she married the son of the gentleman whose pocket-book I found.

Dear children, may my little story be for some of you worth the telling.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

VENTILATING CELLARS.—An unventilated cellar is a reservoir for the seeds of pestilence and death. Diphtheria and typhoid fever are not unfrequently the result of miasms accumulated in close underground apartments, where vegetable and animal matters are allowed to decay and decompose. Organic matters of any kind should never be kept in any room or place unless free and ample circulation of air is secured. The *Working Farmer* gives the following plan for ventilating cellars, which we commend to the consideration of our readers:—

"A stove on the first floor may have a branch from its smoke pipe passing down through the floor, so as to receive the top air of the cellar. This pipe should be slightly enlarged at its lower

end, and it should be supplied with a valve; when the fire is being lighted this valve may be shut and afterwards opened, so as to leave sufficient draft for the stove. Thousands of cubic feet of damp air and foul gases will pass through the chimney from the cellar daily, and thus render it both clean and dry at all times. Every philosophical mind will see the truth of this statement, and at the same time must admit that where such an arrangement does not exist, that to a degree, at least, these foul gases must leak through the cracks in the floor to the detriment of the health of the inmates, before it passes through the fire into the chimney. Every chimney should be connected in some way with the cellar, so as to be used as a ventilator when required."

BROWNED POTATOES.—Boil potatoes of a nearly uniform size till about two-thirds done; pour off the water; remove the skins; place them in a hot oven, and bake till done. When baked potatoes are wanted in haste, this is a very quick and excellent method.

BREAKFAST POTATOES.—Pare and wash the potatoes. Cut them in pieces one-third of an inch in thickness; boil in as little water as possible, so that it will nearly all be evaporated in cooling. When done, add a small quantity of sweet cream or milk, thickened with a little flour.

COCONUT PUDDING.—Pare off the rind and wipe the nut dry; dissolve two ounces of sugar in a small teacup of water. Boil the sugar a few minutes, and add the grated coconut; keep stirring the mixture until it boils. When nearly cold, add the beaten yolks of three eggs, a dessert spoonful of orange flower-water, a wineglassful of brandy, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Line the dish with pastry. Pour the mixture in; bake it, and sift sugar over before serving.

STEWED APPLES.—Make a clear syrup of half a pound of sugar to one pint of water. Skim it; peel and core the apples without injuring the shape. Let them be in cold water till the syrup is ready, to which add the juice of a lemon, and the peel cut very fine. Stew the apples in the syrup till quite done. Quarters of oranges may be boiled in the same syrup instead of apples.

A VERY GOOD PUDDING.—Beat lightly the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of six, with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, the rind of an orange or two lemons grated, six and a half ounces of flour; add one pint of boiling milk. When nearly cold, mix in the eggs and sugar, and add a wineglassful of brandy, half a pound of melted butter. Bake it an hour and a quarter, and turn it out.

SIMPLE PUDDING.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour, one pint of new milk, four eggs' yolks, whites well beaten, a pinch of salt. Boil it for one hour and a half.

WASHING PREPARATION.—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two table-spoonfuls for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

CASTLE PUDDINGS.—Two eggs, their weight in butter, flour, and white sugar each. Put the butter in a pan before the fire till half melted, then beat into a cream. Beat the yolks and whites of the eggs together for ten minutes, mix gently with the butter, add the sugar, and then the flour by degrees; with a very little nutmeg and grated lemon-peel. Put it into five or six cups; half fill them, and bake in a slow oven about half an hour.

PUDDINGS.—In mixing batter puddings, sift the flour, and pour on very little milk at first; gradually pour out the remainder, stirring well. This should be done carefully, as it is difficult to stir out the lumps when too much milk is poured on at once. After the flour is stirred, smooth in part of the milk, add salt and eggs, then the remainder of the milk. To cut a boiled pudding without making it heavy, lay your pudding-knife first on one side and then on the other upon it, just long enough to warm it. When essences or flavors are added to puddings, always drop them on to a lump of sugar. If you attempt to put any oil in it without so doing, it will not mix with the other ingredients, but float upon the surface. The most digestible pudding is that made with bread or biscuit, or boiled flour, grated. Paste puddings or dumplings are indigestible; nor is batter pudding easily digested, and suet puddings are to be considered as most mischievous to invalids. Pancake is objectionable, on account of the frying imparting a greasiness.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

The Apparent Frailty of Life.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

The City Inspectors' report of the deaths in New York city in one week, were seven hundred and twenty-two, of which number four hundred and eighty-six were children under five years of age. Other reports confirm the fact that one-half the deaths in our towns and cities are children under five years!

Do not these facts demand the thoughtful consideration of humane and Christian people? Is any one responsible for the death of so many young,

bright, beautiful human beings? Can society truthfully say that in so many instances, all that would prolong human life was rightly applied? Why is human life so precarious?

The masses cherish unhealthful habits, which enslave, debase and weaken their bodies, minds and morals. These habits are not considered unhealthful, because they prevail so extensively. Therefore, all who are educated in the laws of life, sufficient to correct any one or more errors in regard to health, need firmly, kindly, and conscientiously to teach and set such an example for the imitation of others as humanity and Christianity demands.

Our educated and ruling people need physiological light. Thousands will follow what fashion dictates, regardless of health, life or religion. Many have not reflected that religion had any pure principles that need to be regarded in relation to life in this world. Would they reflect more on the works of God, "which are sought out by all those who have pleasure therein," they would see that the human frame is one of the most admirable works of God—that, unmarred by art or accident, it is wisely adapted to secure healthful action, longevity, usefulness and activity.

Would people learn to appreciate and apply nature's remedies—light, air, sunshine, exercise, rest, cleanliness of the whole person, temperance in eating, drinking and thinking—dress physiologically, or so as to secure equal circulation and protection from cold or dampness to all parts of the system, and give perfect freedom to all parts, they would find these preventives of disease far better than their medical remedies that so often fail them. People place too much reliance upon medicines and too little reliance on hygienic influences. Most people are endowed with vital powers sufficient to resist disease, if sufficient healthful influences were brought to bear upon them. There is no mystery about disease—it is the direct result of unhealthful influences, to which the patient has been subjected for a longer or shorter period, or the result of accident. There is no diminution of disease and death among those who use surprising and lauded antidotes, regardless of unhealthful influences. This

ought to lead people to see that a change is necessary in public opinion in relation to this subject.

It is said that in China physicians are hired to keep people well—in this country they are hired to cure them when sick, or if they fail to do this, to assure the friends that all was done for restoration that medical skill could devise.

Would it not be better for physicians—for individuals—for society, and the world, if physicians were employed at regular salaries, to teach people the laws of life, so as to prevent as much disease as possible; and in case of accidents and unavoidable sickness, attend those who were apportioned to their parish without other charges save their salary? They would then have no mercenary inducements to deceive the ignorant—to experiment with the poor—to teach intemperate and unhealthful habits—to encourage vice in its many and deceptive forms. Would not such measures secure the best talent—the noblest minds—the greatest benefactors to society and the world?

There is no earthly good that American people lack so much, as health of body and mind. These united would remedy all their other evils. People deform and disease their bodies and minds by unhealthful modes of dress, unhealthful stimulation, deficient or excessive exercise, improper rest, unhealthful recreation, impure air, late hours, improper food, mental excitement, anger, jealousy, enmity, remorse—so that it is a wonder that any attain old age or maturity.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"THE SUMMER IS PAST, THE HARVEST IS ENDED."

You will read this, it is most likely, in some chill, ashy-complexioned day of November, after the fierce winds which follow the equinoctial storms have torn the yellow and shrivelled leaves from the boughs; in some day when the clouds hang gray and low, and the damp, dead chills of the year that is going to its death, shudder through the air, and there is a sound of wailing in the wind, and the earth lies wasted and bare, waiting for the snows to come and cover with white garments her loss and her need.

In such a day, oh, my reader, these lines may first greet you; but not on such an one do I write them. It is in the heart of September, and there has blossomed out of it two of the ripest, most golden days of midsummer; bringing back memories of those fiery heats that smouldered in the air, and licked with fierce tongues the land a few weeks ago.

Neither like unto those days is this one. Soft,

spicy winds shake indolently through the hot air, the sunlight which has some peculiar, marvellous, tender beauty in these days when the year is growing old, makes one vast illuminated missal of every landscape.

The frosts have mostly held off, and the trees still wear their dead-ripe green, a little drooping like fair tresses which the mists have breathed on, but still lovely and to be praised on every bough. Truly if autumn holds, as Bryant sings—

"The saddest days of the year,"

she holds also the tenderest, the sweetest, the loveliest.

The heart of the year overflows with gladness to-day. The wine of her sunshine drenches the earth; on the face of her sky there is no slightest token of a storm, and the earth laughs back to it, "reconciled."

And yet through what a fearful path of darkness and storm must the year go down to its altar of sacrifice—down into December. We know what

lies just beyond these days—we shudder to think of what is coming, for we have crossed over the threshold, and “the summer is past, the harvest is ended.”

It is ended in the wide old fields that shook their tresses of silver and gold so bravely in the July breezes, and that looked as though the mountain mists had fallen and spread themselves over the valleys—it is ended where the roses bloomed like living coals dashed thick among the green vines; or hung white as flakes of snow scattered on the bushes—it has ended with the fruits that held in flagons of purple, and crimson, and gold, all mellow, delicious juices which needed no wine-press to extract them; it is ended with the farmer's work, and the harvest song, with the cattle that drooped under the heat and burden of the day, and with the garners heaped to overflowing; with all these has the harvest past, the summer ended. And in some deeper and sadder sense than these is the harvest passed.

At Newport and Saratoga, at Niagara and the White Mountains, the summer too is ended, and the crowd of foolish, fussy, fashionable people “who do not know how to behave in the presence of a mountain,” who went to these places to display their finery and their folly, have taken their flight again. For them too, “the harvest is ended,” and as they went so have they come. The mountains have told them no secret, the waters have not called to them. They have found no new faith nor gladness, nor inspiration in all that their eyes have seen; set of God in the earth to bear witness of Himself, they have found no new wisdom to live, no new trust to die in.

It is, as Mrs. Stone says, one of the “dark Providences” that people of this type and quality should have money to enjoy what they cannot appreciate or understand. But the “dark Providences” will become visible in a sunlight that shall be fairer than even this September day's.

And many there are who have gone up to the mountains and the waters with worshipful and loving spirits. Joy and gladness, praise and beauty have these found in the great tabernacles of nature. Their harvest too is ended, but not in barrenness and loss. In the temple of their memories are new galleries opened, and the walls are consecrated with pictures such as no human artist ever painted. There burn along those walls sunsets from the tops of high mountains, and valleys asleep and dripping in sunshine! there are forests through which the slow wind shivers, and the leaves tremble softly; there are long, gray beaches on which the waves break, and the long, white branches of spray are torn asunder; there are dark rivers, and wild glades, and oh, there are little gems of landscape scenery scattered over with old farm-houses, where the smoke curls lazily from the roofs; and the corn fields lie around, and the meadows spread their dark green

blankets to dry in the sunshine, and the hills stand in eternal guardianship afar off.

He who has enriched his memory, and enlarged his soul with visions like these, has not lost this summer of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-three.

The “harvest is ended” too in other ways than this. Whatsoever good seed we might have sown—whatsoever of kind words or generous deeds we might have scattered along its path, it has gone now; the first day of December rose up and closed on us forever the door of the summer; in its garden, among its sunshine and its flowers, we shall walk no more—forever.

And oh, in a deeper, sadder sense, has the harvest ended to many a household in the land. Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Gettysburg, are they not written over the door of many a heart within which lie the beloved dead! All loving words, all caresses, all meetings and partings, for these is the “harvest ended,” and not only for those who fell in the storm of battle, or the waste of trenches, or in the slow wear of the hospital, but wherever the living and the loved have fallen, by the wayside, in their pleasant homes, watched over by hearts that ached, and eyes that wept, for these too is “the summer ended.”

And as swift and brief, it may be, as this, will our lives seem, oh reader, when we lay them down at last. Looking over them *then*, how small will seem the cares that have fretted, the fears and doubts that have eaten into and rusted so many of the hours; as little worth will these be to us then as the shrivelled stalks and leaves which crumble at our touch, and which we bound up a little while ago into bouquets and wreaths of all beautiful and fragrant blossoms, over whose marvellous grace we fairly held our breaths for gladness; and these shrivelled stems, and curled brown leaves, are all that is left of them now!

There is a Country, and you know, oh, my reader! the Path which leads to it; a Country in whose language it is never said, “The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended!”

V. F. T.

OTHERS' PROSPERITY.

There is a sort of people in the world who can never be made to rejoice in any success, prosperity, or good-fortune which overtakes others.

These people may be good friends to you in adversity; they may serve you with willing feet, and hands, and heart; they may mingle their genuine tears of sorrow over your afflictions, but when it comes to success, elevation in purse or position on your part, they can't stand it. If the comparison is not to advantage on their side, it stings, and gnaws, and embitters them. You pay down for your prosperity the price of their cordiality and good feeling. They don't see this, perhaps. I suppose we all of us have faults that it would be very hard to look in the face, and that we manage to

get under, or around, or aside of somehow; but in this case the truth drops out in little deprecatory remarks and sneers, and significant looks, which, without committing one's self, may say a great deal more than would be allowed in words.

Now what a miserable feeling this is. To say nothing of its weakness and wickedness, how much pain and unhappiness it must cost any one who indulges for a moment this morbid and evil tendency.

Go to—get rid of it. Chase out of the dark thicket, where lurks in some corner of your soul this snake, and whip it to the death.

We must all of us make up our minds that some folks in the world will get ahead of us; that they will bear off some of the great prizes of life for which we strive—that they will be smarter, wiser, richer in some sense than we are. But is that any reason why we should depreciate the value of these prizes, or in small ways impugn the character of those who win them? Is that any reason why we should be continually drawing contrasts betwixt our own and our neighbors' welfare, and be fretted, tormented, harassed, because they have beaten us in the race?

Let us be generous enough to be glad, if where we lose others win—to feel a real, genuine, hearty gladness in the prizes they carry off, and by as much as we do this we shall be blessed and better off ourselves, blessed by kindly and generous impulses, whose fountains springing up, gladden and make mellow the heart, and "better off," if not tangibly in place and purse, still in a richer, truer, and better character, which in the end will be the "best riches."

V. F. T.

DR. LEWIS:

HIS BOOK—HIS GYMNASIUM—HIS SCHOOL.

In all these does the great work progress. The Doctor's ardor, energy in and devotion to his mission is amazing! He is seeking through all these channels the physical enfranchisement of his generation, and on every hand the most cultivated minds are adopting and endorsing his new system of exercise.

Everywhere it is commanding attention; the graduates of his school are introducing it throughout the country. Of his Movement Cure—of which we have personal knowledge, we can hardly say enough in praise.

It is like drinking in some new elixir of life and health, to enter and go through the varied exercises for an hour.

But the Doctor's new volume—"WEAK LUNGS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM STRONG," issued by Ticknor & Fields," will give our readers an ample description of his views and system.

The volume has a beautiful and graceful dedication to the Doctor's wife, whose sympathy with his mission, and whose untiring efforts to promote it, have won both for her work and for her sweet, earnest, most womanly character, the love and praise which they so richly deserve.

V. F. T.

Publishers' Department.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1864.

Our Prospectus for volumes XXIII. and XXIV. will be found on the cover of this number. It will be seen that we have made arrangements to give three serial stories during the year, one of them by Miss Townsend, to commence with our January issue. The spirit and character of our Magazine will remain unchanged. It will, as heretofore, be conducted in the interests of all things pure and loyal—the friend of good, the foe of evil. Truth, beauty, excellence, will always find an advocate in its pages, and the false, unlovely, and depraved, be carefully excluded. We shall make it a true friend, who entertains, exhilarates, and gives delight; yet a friend whose spirit shall dwell in the heart as an inspiration to honorable and virtuous deeds.

Read the notices on next page, selected from many thousands which have come to us from the press in all parts of the country. Our editorial friends, who see all the magazines that are published, are in a position to decide upon their respective claims to excellence. Their opinion of the Home Magazine is given in no halting phrase.

MAKING UP CLUBS FOR 1864.—We look confidently to our friends to start early in the work of making up clubs for next year. Notwithstanding the price of paper continues high, still nearly fifty per cent. above prices for 1862, we have made no increase in the club rates. Will not the friends of the Home Magazine be as active and efficient as the friends of any other periodical? Begin early, and secure for us the largest possible number.

We have selected as premiums for next year "EVANGELINE," and "THE MITHERLESS BAIK," two highly popular pictures. The copies we have had made of them are finer than anything we have heretofore sent out. Last year many annoying delays occurred in getting our premiums. To guard against this, we have already secured a large supply of the new prints, which will be mailed immediately on receipt of orders.

SPECIMEN NUMBERS.—Persons ordering specimens, must enclose ten cents to cover prepayment of postage and part cost of the number sent. The orders for specimens are so large, amounting to from two to three thousand in a season, that we must require a part of the cost, or stop sending them. The tax has become too great. The system of ordering specimens by persons who have no intention of getting up clubs, and so obtaining number after number of the magazine without cost, has been carried so far to our loss, that we must either discontinue sending specimens altogether, as we have said, or ask a portion of the cost.

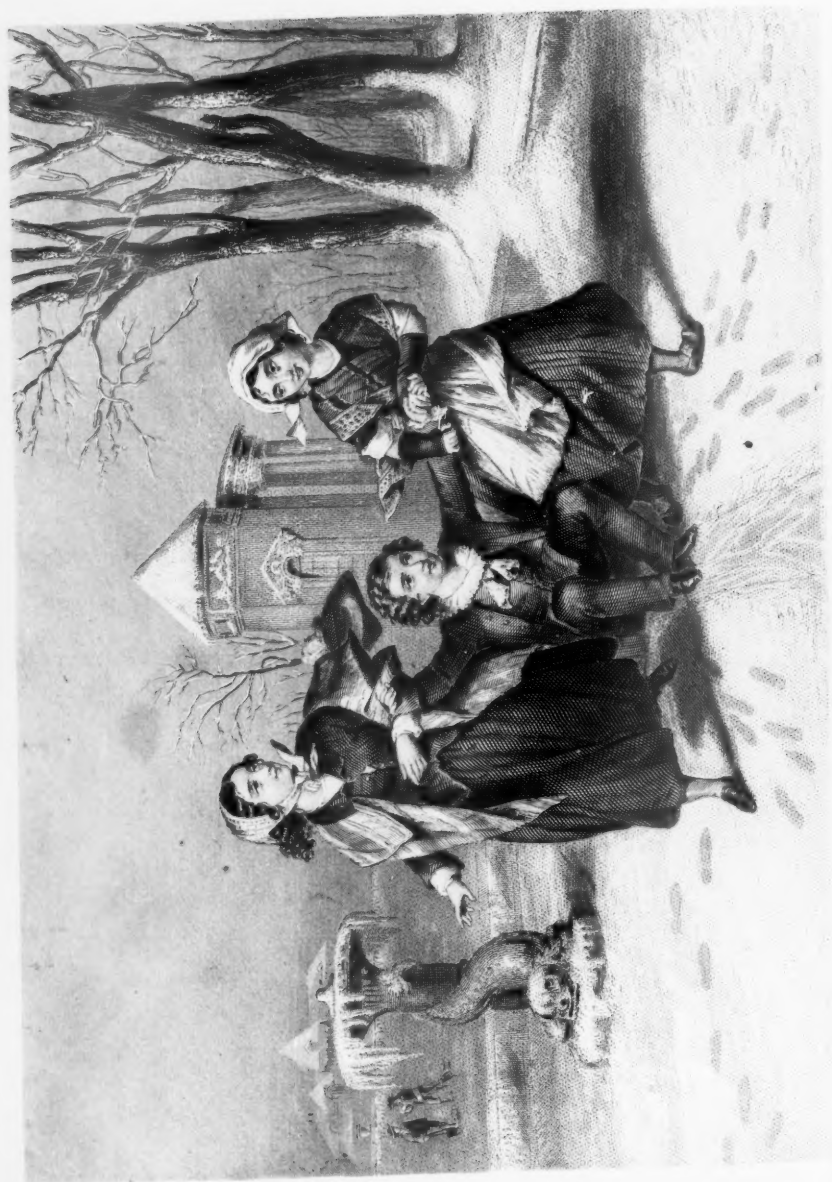
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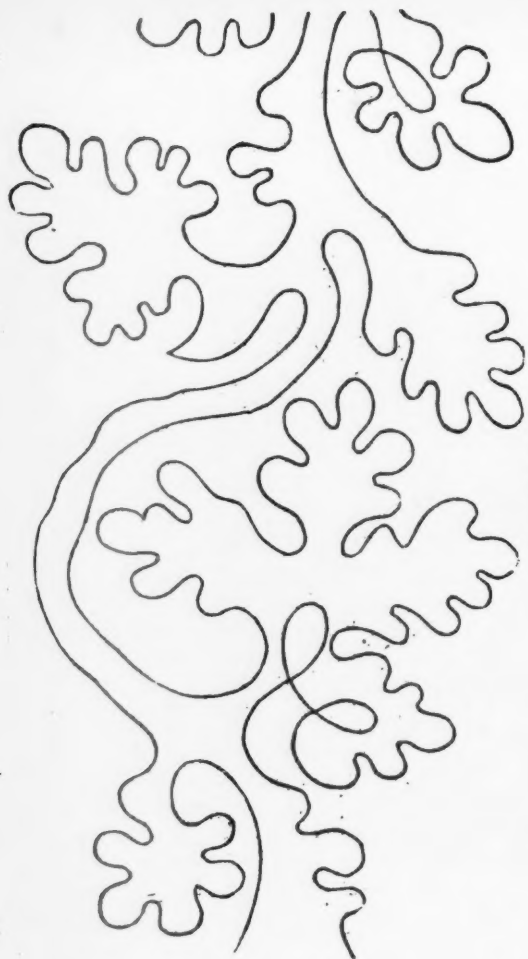
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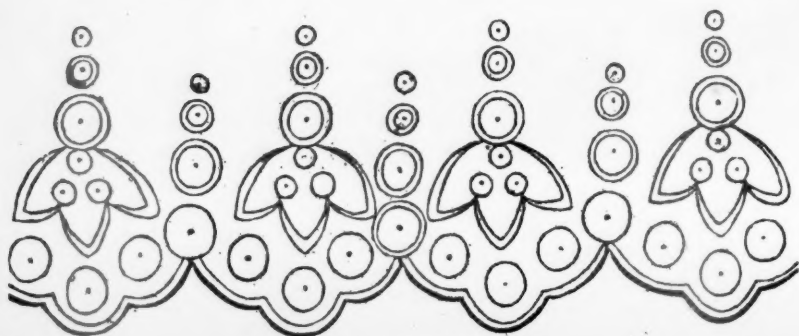
SNOW-BIRDS.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



CLOAK

Of black cloth, trimmed with bias black velvet, and a heavy crochet ornament at the back. The cape forms the sleeves.

THE STRASBOURG.



This mantle is made of black cloth, trimmed with leather trimming,
and confined at the back by leather ornaments.



MORNING ROBE.



WALKING DRESS.

High dress of check silk with a narrow plaited ruffle set on the waist to form a jacket; the cut represents the back, and, as will be seen, the trimming is carried round the back, and a bow and broad sash ends, edged round with a ruffle and velvet to match the waist, adds a pleasing novelty to the style of dress. The decorations on the skirt, which consist of a narrow plaited ruffle and three rows of velvet, are set on in alternate points and scolops. Above each of the scolops are two narrow ruffles that cross each other not quite straight, but slightly curved; a velvet button finishes the end. The sleeve is shaped at the elbow, and has a deep cuff at the bottom, and is trimmed to match the rest of the dress.



HEAD DRESS.



HEAD DRESS.



FANCY APRON FOR LITTLE GIRL.



DRESS FOR GIRL OF TEN OR TWELVE



WATCH CASE

Of fancy-colored cloth, with black velvet applications. It is braided in chain stitch, with gold-colored silk, and ornamented with jet and black beads.